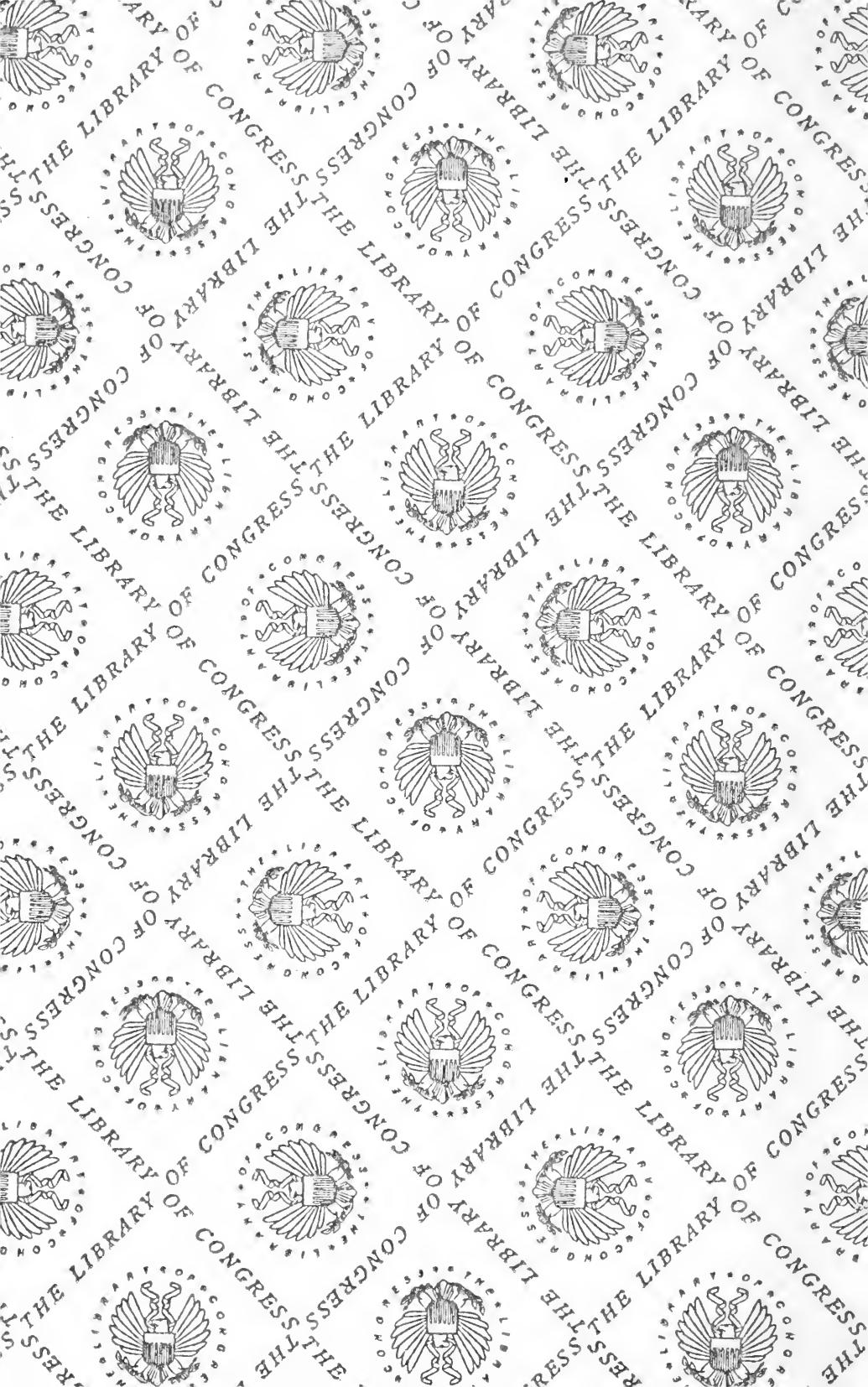


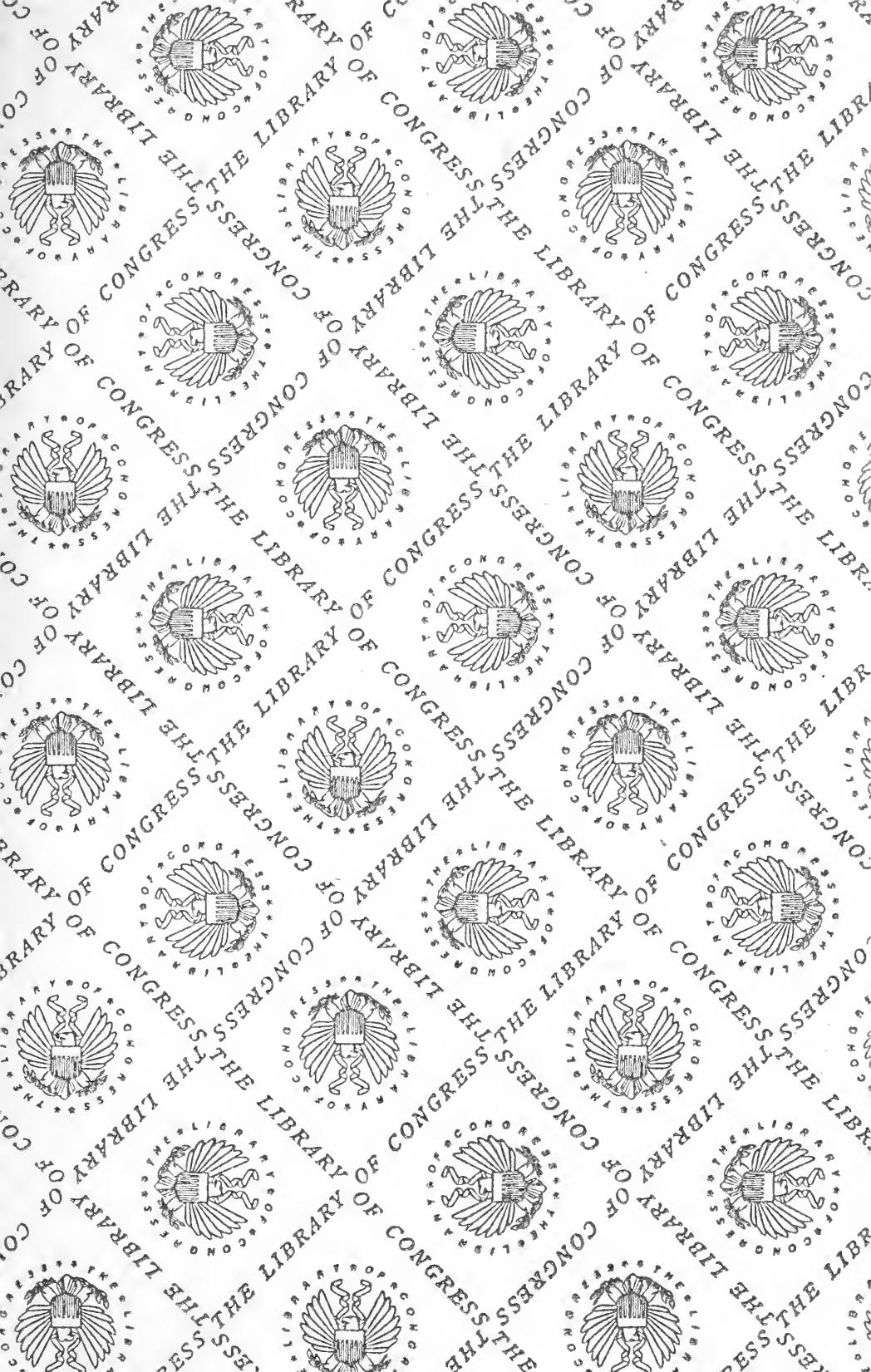
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THE NEGRO, DEMOCRACY
AND THE WAR

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THE NEGRO, DEMOCRACY AND THE WAR

BY
WALTER W. DELSARTE, LL. B.

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**“Greater love hath no man than this,
that he lay down his life for his friend.”**

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FOREWORD

More than 2,000 years ago the people of Athens consulted the oracle at Delphi as to the best means of making great men of their boys; the answer, though somewhat ambiguous, was this: If the people of Athens wish to make great men of their boys, let them put whatever is most beautiful into the ears of youth. The Athenians, though they were wise indeed, failed to grasp the meaning of the oracle and secured golden earrings and placed them into the ears of their youths.

This answer is just as full of meaning today as it was in the days of ancient Athens, and yet it is just as capable of being misunderstood as it was then.

If the Negro race would make great men of its boys, let it place whatever is most beautiful into the ears of youth; not golden earrings, but golden truths.

At no time in all the history of the colored people in America have they rejoiced with more enthusiasm than over their recent achievements and the prospects of a better day. The past year

has been replete with universal chaos and tragedy, and yet the American people are rejoicing that civilization and democracy have been redeemed, it is to be hoped, for all time to come, and are justifying themselves to the utmost parts of the earth.

Never before has the Negro race had the opportunity to cooperate with the proudest blood of civilization, and play so important a part in shaping the destinies of the world.

These are the beautiful truths that shall ring in the ears of the youth of the race and inspire them with new hopes, pure ideals and a determination to attain greater heights. Historians of past wars seem to have overlooked the Negro, and have failed to connect him with the greatest military events in which our nation has been involved. The outside world has been kept in darkness as to the Negro's bravery as a soldier, loyalty as a citizen and economic and industrial value in the intricate machinery of America's national affairs.

It was left for the Negro, in the great world war, to testify through the instrumentality of the machine gun, hand grenade and other implements of warfare, to his unswerving loyalty to the stars and stripes, and devotion to the cause of human freedom throughout the world.

It is to be hoped that this volume will awaken in the American Negro a sounder appreciation of what this bewildering, baffling, awful struggle has meant, and for which our best efforts have been spent. Amid this terrible wreck, our souls must still be filled with courage and an unshaken confidence in the onward progress of the race, and with a faith in the everlasting principles of right, of justice, and of truth which must prevail.

March 1st, 1919.

WALTER W. DELSARTE.

CHAPTER I

The Negro in the War

The Negro brought to America no hopes, ambitions or aspirations; he sought neither gold nor land, nor came he in quest of religious or political freedom. He came as a slave. Through long weary years of unprecedented submission to the most cruel form of oppression, the black man tilled the rich soil of America.

The most striking characteristic of the Negro is the comparative ease with which he adapts himself to new conditions. Hardly had he become acquainted with his new status as a slave when he began gradually to imbibe the civilization that surrounded him on all sides. In this brief work it will be impossible to elaborate upon the various steps which have marked the race's progress toward the highest standards of modern civilization.

Less than sixty years ago the Negro obtained his freedom from the bonds of slavery, and today he stands forth as not the least among the defenders of the honor of the nation that so long held

him in bondage. Trying to forget the injustice we have met on all sides, we shouldered arms in our country's cause, firm in our belief that a better day would dawn for us after the great struggle for democracy. With every ounce of its energy, every cent of its money and every life, if need be, the Negro race flung itself into the conflict, realizing that no single act of any individual could be so unimportant as not to have a bearing upon the outcome of the great enterprise we had undertaken.

Since the spark which was struck in Servia in August, 1914, developing a world-wide conflagration, which finally leaped across the Atlantic, hundreds of Negroes' lives have been sacrificed upon the battlefields of France fighting in the armies of England, France and the United States for the establishment and perpetuation of world democracy; and although conscious of the horrors and dangers of warfare, we in America are not lacking in appreciation of the glorious privilege of fighting for the honor and security of our nation, and the civilization and democracy of the world.

After America entered this war we began to place a revaluation on our humble daily lives. More and more each of us feels too small to grasp

the world issues of today, yet at the same time finds inactivity unbearable. We turn to the nearest task in desperate desire to make it somehow count for relief and restoration to a war-ridden world.

Over there in the seared and harried land of France, are those boys whose voices have so often called to us; whose little feet came pattering to our call. They fought to free the world of a blighting curse. In the night they kept the long tense vigil, in the grey dawn they moved across the tortured soil.

Throughout all this land every household that has possessed a boy has treated him with a new sympathy, a real, if often awkward, tenderness. With the threat of loss always over our heads we are learning how much we love.

As we read the records of the hearts of our brothers and sons "over there" we know that no holocaust can unself the soul, and that the deathless privileges of friendship and of kinship and of the beauty of nature can be interrupted, but never destroyed. How beneficent a privilege the mere fact of an unbroken family circle appears, now that yonder by the hearth a shrouded form of mystery sits listening to our careless chat! We, the obscure, sorrowing fathers and mothers, sis-

ters and brothers of young Negro soldiers killed, we, the mourners all over the land, want to feel that our lives are moving in tune with theirs. Many of these colored boys that were sent to the front to fight for humanity and build up a world peace that will last to eternity are scarcely out of childhood. Mothers are bewildered that the lads whom they have just been teaching the ways of right and wrong and reprimanding for boyish pranks and bad manners are appointed to settle the biggest problem of the ages—to face the most vital situations and dangers and horrors with a courage that must not fail and a determination that must not falter.

Boys who still display the curves of childhood have done a man's job—a big man's job—and have done it well. The colored boys went into battle with the grim determination of manhood, and if they came out, came with a laugh and an unquenchable fund of animal spirits that was the envy of the older comrades. One officer—a major—remarked, with a choke in his voice, that when he met the colored lads in the trenches, smeared with mud and blood and grime of battle, worn out by loss of sleep and lack of all comforts, and they saluted him with a smile, as they invariably did, he could not help thinking of the great debt of gratitude which America owes to

these colored boys who so bravely fought to maintain the honor of their country.

It seems strange that there should be such men as these in a democracy. But they are here in numbers of appalling magnitude. These are the men whom Theodore Parker had in mind when he spoke of the sad patience of the multitudes. These are the men of whom William James was thinking when he wrote his great treatise on the laws of habit. These are the men who hold together the fabrics of society in times of peace, and sustain unshaken the prolonged and awful agonies of war. Like Tennyson's Brigade at Balaklava—

“Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die.”

It is the irony, the tragedy of this monstrous thing that it takes the young, the untried, the best, the purest; like the minotaur, it must have sacrifice, and this sacrifice must be offered by those who should rightly be the last. Boys right from the schoolroom, who have never known care or responsibility—who have never been far from home—who have depended on father or mother to decide all problems for them, have marched away from the home shelter and care to

a suddenly acquired manhood and independence. They fought fearlessly and grimly; they played with the carelessness of children. Brave, resolute, inexorable, thoughtless, irrepressible, they marched on to the bitter end regardless of cost or sacrifice, inspired by their faith that in this holy struggle they may be moved by righteous motives and wage a victorious warfare, until the foundations of peace and justice shall be established that will glorify the name of America and abide to bless all coming generations.

I cannot help but think of the Negro mother who, surrounded by adversity and prejudice, has worked and struggled hard to raise her only son. Perhaps today he sleeps beneath the soil of France. She knows not where. Perhaps she never will know. But, often in the silent hours, her memory returns to the day he came to her. How gloriously happy she was. What brave plans she made. How she hoped and prayed for the little fellow's future. She saw him grow into childhood. She watched through the weary hours of illness. She helped him over the hard places. He was her idol, her life. She remembers his merry laugh at toy soldier battles around the Christmas tree. He grew to manhood. He obtained employment, learned a trade or entered

business, and everything seemed bright. Then the war clouds gathered. True to the urge of his conscience, he longed to go. She told him through tears, there was but one thing to do. Her boy became a soldier. Proudly she wore a service pin with star of blue. In October, 1917, she said good-bye — the last good-bye, but she did not know it.

One evening the Germans attacked our lines, first with gas, then with high explosives. The boy's mask was carried away; an instant later a shell tore off an arm. This unfortunate mother's star was turned to gold. He is but one son, she but one mother—but he was all she had. One son does not count for much, perhaps—but there are thousands of mothers who have given all they had.

CHAPTER II

The Negro's Loyalty

This war has done more for the Negro than has been accomplished in several decades of peace. Not only has he demonstrated, as he has done in past wars, that he can fight, but that his willingness and capacity for work are unlimited; that he can easily adapt himself to strange surroundings, and that he understands the purpose of Liberty Bonds which he invariably bought until it actually and positively "hurt."

One of the most glorious things which happened to the Negro, however, was the revelation of his absolute, unshakable loyalty to the stars and stripes. Evidence adduced before the Senate Committee investigating German propaganda shows that German propagandists failed miserably in their efforts among the colored people. That they operated principally among the plantation Negroes of the South, and there made no headway whatever, is significant. It is a splendid tribute to the Americanism of the Negro. It

might be supposed that among men and women who are not regular readers of the newspapers, who trust to the "grapevine," which makes a wireless station of every cabin, for most of their information, the fairy tales of the paid German agents would find fertile ground. But the Negro stood pat. "You have no country," was an insidious remark that was dinned into his ears night and day. "You'll never get your Liberty Bond money back" was another. "You'll get forty acres of land if the Germans win," they were told. And they were assured that victory for the "humane" Germans meant an end of all lynching and instant leveling of all social lines in the United States.

Many white intellectuals in the North succumbed to sophistries and lies, but those black millions did not. Their hearts proved pure gold and they stood by Uncle Sam. The Secret Service needed no special trains for Negro excursions to internment camps.

It is the same inborn spirit of loyalty to the government that has prevented the I. W. W. from gaining converts among the colored people of the South, no matter how poor they are, or how unjust their position economically. The southern Negro who remained at home to till the fields was

proud of his part in the war, because he knew that his was the hand that sustained the boys at the front.

But the Negro is not unduly proud of the proofs of his loyalty. He knew he was 100 per cent American all the time. He knows, incidentally, a great many things that other people do not think he knows. An intelligent southerner will tell you that one of the greatest mistakes of northern theorists in considering the Negro is that he thinks he is simple and easily fooled.

A recent issue of the Memphis Commercial Appeal, a leading southern newspaper, contains the following editorial:

"Before the war began there was German propaganda throughout the South. One of the Prussian schemes was to have an uprising of Germans combined with the uprising of Negroes. They drew this vision from the history of the revolt in Hayti 125 years ago. To the eternal glory of the Negroes let it be said that the pro-German propaganda made less headway among them than it did among the white people. When the war broke out there was no place for the Negroes to volunteer. The regular army regiments were filled. At first the Negroes did not understand the selective draft, but they finally

began to see that the great draft machine knew no color. It gathered in whites as well as blacks. The Negroes in the army found out that great things were expected from them and they responded.

"The southern Negroes responded generously to all calls—for the Red Cross, the Thrift Stamps, Liberty Loans and united war work. At the close of the war some of them were in quiet sectors on the front and four regiments had been in the heaviest fighting. Many Negro pioneer regiments worked under fire. When the history of the war is written southern men should study it carefully and draw from it certain lessons they must apply to the Negro problem. The Negro in the South will be with us all the time, if we let him be. He will do splendid work in building up the South if we sympathetically show him the way.

"It must be made so that whatsoever he earns in the sweat of his brow shall be his, and it must be further made so that any man will not stoop to take advantage of the Negro in commerce or in labor and deprive him of what is his right and what should come to him under law. In the recent war the Negroes have served their country well."

This is perhaps the fairest editorial I have ever read in a southern newspaper concerning the Negro. It seems that the Commercial Appeal represents that class of journals that would have the South rise to the dignity of a square deal.

As the pride in our Negro soldier grew in this country a very violent dislike for him spread all along the German front. In more than one place the color line and the front line of battle merged into one—to the rage and dismay of the Hun. The Teuton prejudice against color would have been even more intense if Germany could have known what the American boys were doing in every department of war work. Our enemies have felt the force of Negro valor as exemplified by Henry Johnson with his bolo knife, and Needham Roberts with his stack of bombs; but there is more behind.

Of the stevedores, George Freeman, the American labor contractor (who took 1500 of them to France) says: "They are the finest workers you ever saw. One Negro can do four times as much work as any other man, and have fun doing it. The French stevedores stand by and look on with amazement at my hustling gangs. The way they handle a 100-pound crate makes the Frenchmen's eyes bulge."

In the shipbuliding yards the whirlwind methods of the Negroes have caused a sensation both in this country and England. Charles Knight, a Negro, won the prize for riveting—25 pounds in money—from Lord Northcliffe and a letter from that Englishman which says: “Your world’s record feat in rivet driving on May 16th has set for American shipbuilders the fast pace that is necessary for carrying on the war successfully. Such an achievement as yours carries across the seas an inspiring message of American determination and ability.”

Seven hundred volunteer Negro women went to France to work in the huts and canteens of the Y. M. C. A. and there are many Negro secretaries in this same service abroad! The Red Cross placed Negro nurses in base hospitals in this country, and hundreds of graduate Negro nurses have been engaged in oversea service.

All over the country 12,000,000 Negro Americans are loyally backing the government with their hard-earned money. Out of their wages and savings they paid \$20,000,000 for the four issues of the Liberty Loan Bonds. They gave \$1,500,000 to the first Red Cross drive and \$2,500,000 to the second, besides investing \$10,000,000 in Thrift Stamps. All this taken in con-

nection with the fact that 300,000 of our boys actually saw service in France, we feel safe in saying that the American Negro has kept the faith with Uncle Sam.

Vast is the treasure we have sacrificed, bitter is the suffering we have endured, in this most horrible of all wars; but we have made the sacrifice with enthusiasm, and borne the burden of sorrow with courage, assured that in so doing we have helped to make the world a better and safer place in which to live.

CHAPTER III

Germany and Her African Colonies

The history of Germany's treatment of the colored people in her African colonies disgraces the records of all colonizing nations in a rougher, more brutal age. It is true that the natives of Africa cannot be left to govern themselves when they have pushing white neighbors all around them. The American Indians are proof enough of that. Nevertheless, I believe that one of the results of this war will be a general awakening among the people of Africa, and their interests are going to be consulted; there must be no more of that ruthless enslaving of native populations, their robbery by swindling treaties and their murder by wholesale. Mankind has advanced, even among the Negroes of Africa, and colonization for the benefit of the native, as well as the colonist, will be the rule hereafter.

It is not, however, the rule for Germany, which enslaves, tortures, and murders in the true spirit of the conquerors of Peru four hundred years

ago. And Germany must leave Africa, since she has nothing to do with Africans except to enslave and kill them. There may be some who take a utilitarian view of it, who say that these countries must be developed at whatever cost. Well, by that rough test, too, Germany fails. She cannot colonize; she does not know how. Her only idea of making a colony is to put up a replica of Germany on African soil without the slightest regard to whether it fits that soil or not.

No colonist could do business without consulting Berlin; and since colonization, to be successful, requires initiative and does not thrive under delays, German colonization was strangled in its cradle. The German imposed such a heavy tax on diamonds that the amount smuggled is believed to be more than the amount regularly exported. The heavy hand of the government has made the copper mines almost unproductive. Meanwhile the colonists have been loaded down with heavy taxation. What they got to show for it was splendid public buildings, statues in the best style of German art, immense schools with few pupils in them, and so on.

The cruelties and atrocities in Belgium and France that have horrified the civilized world have been practiced constantly on these defenseless Negroes. The Germans in these colonies were

openly immoral, and they treated the native women abominably. A German planter would have a regular harem of native women and live the most degraded life imaginable without having the least shame about it or making the least attempt at concealment. But this form of immorality was not the only thing that was dreadful among the Germans of these colonies. The Germans did not want to be bothered with native children, and when a settler found that one of these native women whom he kept was about to become a mother, he either cast her off and sent her back to the bush, or just quietly poisoned her, and not only did they treat the native women shamefully, they insulted and degraded their own wives. I once heard of an English woman who married a German planter from one of the African colonies, and went out to help him, as she thought, to settle the land. When she got there she found he had half a dozen native "wives" on the plantation. She remonstrated, but he tried to force her to receive these women in her house and join in their drinking. When she refused he told her she could go to the bush. She ran away from him and succeeded in getting to friends in an English colony.

These German planters used to go back to Europe with a little money, tell the women they

met at home that they were kings out in Africa, and make the women who married them think that they were going out to the colonies to be queens. It is true the men were kings, but the women were not queens, even in their own households. The whole performance in the German colonies in Africa from 1890 to the outbreak of the war is similar to the conduct of Germans in Belgium and northern France during the war.

The natives were treated as the conquistadors treated the ancient Peruvians, except that the conquistadors did seem to know how to make their slaves work. Germany's African history has been a long procession of "wars"; that is, massacres, torturings, and deportations. In southwest Africa they reduced the native population from 200,000 to 82,000 in three years. They drove women and children into the desert to die of thirst, and this not as the ordinary brutality of ignorant settlers, but as a military operation. General von Trotha's proclamation to the Herero nation, dated October 2, 1904, contains this:

"The Herero nation must now leave the country. If the people do it not, I will compel them with the big gun. Within the German frontier, every Herero, with or without a rifle, with or without cattle, will be shot. I will not take over

any more women and children, but I will either drive them back to their people or have them fired on. These are my words to the nation of the Hereros."

In the recently issued report of the South-African administrator of the captured German colonies the following appears:

"The natives were reduced almost to a state of slavery, families even being separated to suit the convenience of employers. Their women were habitually maltreated by the Germans, who took them into forced concubinage. They were in the end deliberately goaded into rebellions which were suppressed with deliberate and ruthless cruelty, and which resulted in the practical extermination of the tribes involved."

The London Daily Telegraph gives in its comment on this report a few sidelights on the suppression of the Herero rebellion:

"For more than a year, with the full connivance of the Kaiser and the German government at Berlin, this little band of German cutthroats slaughtered the Hereros—men, women and children alike—wherever they found them, in circumstances of the most sickening cruelty, which are set forth in the pages of this Blue Book. We will quote one single incident only. Von Trotha

and his staff halted one day near a hut where an old woman was digging for wild onions. A zealous German soldier, named König, jumped off his horse and shot her through the forehead at point-blank range. Thinking that she would beg for mercy, he said before he fired, 'I am going to kill you.' She simply looked up and replied, 'I thank you.' Death was the only friend of this martyred race. The Germans drove the Hereros into the bush, and then poisoned the water holes on the desert borders. When at length they deemed that the time had come to make peace with the pitiful remnant of the race, they sent a few thousands down to Luderitzbucht, where, as one of the Hereros chiefs describes it, 'they died like flies that had been poisoned' from the wet sea-fogs. The survivors, their spirit crushed and broken, were mere chattels and slaves of the German settlers, victims at pleasure of their brutality and their lust, and so they remained until the forces of the South-African Union restored to them once more the hope of freedom which ten years of unspeakable suffering had well-nigh crushed out."

The foregoing recital of facts can give us but a vague idea of the gross cruelties perpetrated by Germany upon the Negro race. But the day of retribution is at hand.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it also unto me."

And thus the Negro soldiers plunged into this mighty conflict, praying to God as they fought, that if democracy shall be one of the fruits of this war, their unfortunate brother in Africa may share in its blessings.

Instance after instance of base hypocrisy and wanton cruelty of the German nation could be recited, and yet we might be in relative darkness concerning many of the cruel methods employed by Germany to further her selfish and unrighteous purposes.

To return the German colonies to German sovereignty is unthinkable in view of the use which the Imperial German Government has made of its power over these territories in the past.; on the other hand, to permit them to become mere derelicts in the world is equally impossible. A practical course seems therefore their control by the organs of the proposed League of Nations and their administration in the sole interest of their inhabitants with a view to improving their physical, mental, moral, economic and political conditions, so that sooner or later they will become self-governing peoples.

Before passing from this phase of the subject I want to make further reference to the inconsistency and hypocrisy of the German Government:

In the peace note of the German Chancellor to President Wilson, the request for an armistice is stated to be made "with a view to avoiding further bloodshed!"

For the information of those who may still entertain a lingering belief in the sincerity of this declaration, may I recall a comparatively recent diplomatic incident of deep significance at the present time?

At the second International Peace Conference held at The Hague from June to October, 1907, various conventions were entered into by the powers for the purpose of mitigating the evils and horrors of war. These conventions, to which Germany was one of the most willing signatories, respectively provided for the safety of noncombatants at sea and on land. They prohibited, except in cases of extreme military necessity, the bombardment of unfortified towns without due notice being given. They expressly prohibited the destruction of sacred edifices, buildings used for artistic, scientific, or charitable objects, historic monuments, and hospitals; and they specifically

forbade the employment of poison weapons or materials calculated to treacherously kill individuals belonging to the hostile nation or army, or to cause them unnecessary suffering. In the preamble to each of these conventions, the purpose was declared as being "to serve the interests of humanity and to diminish the severity and disasters of war," or, alternatively, "to serve the interests of humanity and the ever-increasing needs of civilization."

When we look back at the sinking of the Lusitania, the murder of Edith Cavell, of Captain Fryatt, and thousands of other innocent men, women and children; the instances, not isolated, of Louvain and Rheims; the deliberate bombardment of Allied hospitals, and the introduction as weapons of war of poison gas and liquid fire, no further evidence is necessary to determine the value of German professions to "avoid bloodshed" or "to serve the cause of humanity."

CHAPTER IV

Colored Soldiers at the Front

A striking illustration of the attitude of the Negro soldier in this war is a letter written from the front by Lieut. Osceola E. McKaine, a Negro serving with the 367th Infantry, the "Buffaloes," as adjutant to Colonel James A. Moss, commanding the regiment, to Orlando Rouland, the artist, in which he tells something of the regiment's reception in France. Lieut. McKaine, who is twenty-six years old, rose from the ranks of a colored regiment, the 24th Infantry. He was born in South Carolina, and when little more than a boy left his birthplace in response to what he calls the nomadic spirit of his migratory ancestors, and wandered about the country. He studied in Boston and Washington and developed a talent for writing. He prepared many articles for newspapers, and later became the editor of a colored newspaper which advocated the policies and principles of Booker T. Washington. After holding this place for nearly two years he enlisted in the Army. "I was persuaded," he said, "by a

trooper who would have been a marvel as a recruiting sergeant." When he served in the Philippines the Negro regiment to which he belonged received a gold loving cup at a dinner given by the Mayor of Manila and the Governor General for the best regiment that had ever been on the islands. The 24th Infantry was then ordered to a military camp in New Mexico, where it was stationed until the spring of 1916, when it was ordered to "get Villa." When his regiment marched out of Mexico back to the United States, after acting as a personal guard of General Pershing, it was the only regiment that did not have a man missing or unaccounted for. Lieut. McKaine, while stationed at Columbus, N. M., as a non-commissioned officer, was selected for the National Army Training Camp for officers. Just before the "Buffaloes," 367th Infantry, was organized to be a part of the American Expeditionary Force, Lieut. McKaine received the commission of First Lieutenant. Here is his letter:

"My dear friend:

"Just a line or two to let you know that I have not forgotten you even during these strenuous days. The delicate and pleasing charm of your home and the cordiality of your reception still remain vivid amid my many reminiscences. I thank you. The deportment of our regiment has

been excellent, and we have had few, very few, offenders. Our morale is still at the peak, and we have every confidence that we will hold our own against the boche when we meet him. We have received a most wonderful reception everywhere we have gone, and I am most proud to relate that very, very few of the men have violated our confidence in their attitude toward the inhabitants. The Buffaloes have been 'tres polit,' and have made friends. Of course, this new freedom required strict control and delicate adjustment to prevent its misinterpretation, but all of our apprehensions are over, for it has become quite natural for the Buffaloes to go everywhere, anytime, with anyone without misconstruing the character of the person or place. As for myself, I have never before experienced what it meant to be really free to taste real liberty, in a phrase, 'to be a man.' We have entered into their most intimate affections, and we won't violate their trust.

"We've got the boche on the run and we are going to lick him good and plenty before we give him time to catch his breath. Everywhere the offensive spirit is alive, pulsating, waiting for the hour to strike, and strike hard, that the spirit of real and true democracy will not perish. It would be a crime against God Himself, against future generations, against all that life holds good and

pure to permit the Germanic doctrinaire to supplant the peaceful policy of this nation. I would be happy to have millions of colored soldiers over here, fighting to preserve the dearest and highest valued thing on earth, to the nations of the world and to future generations—liberty. I would be more than happy to have them die, if need be, as a tangible expression of their determination that 'the government of the people, by the people, shall not perish from the earth.' I am eager for the fray. Death does not matter, for it will mean life for thousands of my countrymen, and for my race, for right must triumph. I am not apprehensive of the future of my people in the states, for the free allied nations of the world will not condone America's past treatment of her colored citizens in the future; for shall we not have fought beside the best blood, the best white blood in all the world in the holiest war of all ages? Shall we not have shown that we are willing, nay, eager to pay, and pay dearly, in our blood for the right of the peoples of the earth to share equally in its blessings, to enjoy the same rights, to receive equal justice, to have a voice in their government by our blood contribution? So I go forward certain and sure that my people will share equally with Armenian and Serb in the fruits of triumph, of right over might, and democracy over

autocracy. Death is nothing, for I love my race more than life itself.

"With felicitations and best wishes for your continued health, I am, sincerely yours,

"LIEUT. O. E. MCKAINE."

It was that type of soldier represented by McKaine, whom Edgar A. Guest had in mind when he recently wrote the following poem:

"Against the dangers that we dread,
Against the word that he lies dead,
If it should come, we have the pride
Of knowing that he put aside
All selfish pleasures and was glad
To give the Flag the best he had.

Against the absence long and grim
We keep the manly soul of him:
Balanced against the hurt and ache
That longing for our boy must make.
This consolation we may know
That he was unafraid to go.

Great though our grief shall be if he
Shall never more come home from sea,
More keenly we'd have felt the pain
If he had chosen to remain.
This golden thought shall soothe our woe:
In such a need he wished to go.
If it must be that he shall fall

His spoken words we can recall.
When time has dried our bitter tears,
His voice shall speak throughout the years,
And we shall hear him whispering low:
'Far worse than death were not to go.' "

Thus, the urge of war was in the Negro's blood, pulsating with the obscure memories of generations of ancestors who had known the bitterness and exultation of desperate conflict.

Leon J. Cadore, formerly a pitcher with the Brooklyn Nationals and now a lieutenant with the American Army of Occupation, in a letter to "Red" Smith, former St. Louis Nationals outfielder, says that the fighting of the Negro troops is wonderful.

Cadore is with the 365th Regiment, formerly the 15th New York (Negro) Regiment, which was awarded the Croix de Guerre by the French commanding general for its operations as a combat unit in the offensive in the Champagne sector last September and October.

Despite exciting experiences, Cadore is willing to call it enough and return to the United States.

"Red, it will be a happy day for me," he writes, "when I hear that we are going home. You know that I am anxious to make the spring training trip with the Brooklyn Club, and again feel as though

I am in the land of the living. I think base ball will have a big year. Should I be lucky enough to get home this spring I know I will be set for a big year on the slab."

The letter states that Cadore's was the first American regiment to reach the Rhine. Describing the fighting qualities of the Negro troops under his command, Cadore says:

"On occasions too numerous to count we were in the thick of the fighting and the noble work done by these Negro troops was wonderful. Every man in my regiment fought with the courage of a lion."

It would be possible to quote from hundreds of letters of white soldiers written to their friends in the United States, in which they commend their black countrymen for their bravery in battle. It need not be said that the sentiment created by such correspondence is, indeed, beneficial to both races.

These white men will never forget the colored soldiers with whom they fought, side by side, to save their common country from a common enemy. Whatever may be their activities in the years to come, whatever may be their future relations with the Negro, their reminiscences of the

battle line in France will be replete with thoughts of their brave colored comrades.

Those who have suffered hardship, side by side, day by day, month in and month out, cannot help being overcome by a feeling that after all, life means the same to each and every one.

Some men need such experiences to remove the veil of prejudice that obscures their vision of the real worth of the American Negro and to bring them into closer communion with the true spirit of democracy.

Colonel James A. Moss, recently speaking of the Negro soldier, said:

"Understanding the Negro as I do, and knowing his responsibilities as a soldier, I consider myself fortunate in having been assigned to the command of a colored regiment. Of my twenty-three years' experience as an officer, I have spent eighteen with colored troops, having commanded colored troops in the Cuban campaign, and in the Philippine campaign, so that what I say about the colored soldier—my faith, my confidence in him—is based on long experience with him in garrison and in the field; in peace and in war. I do not hesitate to make the assertion that if properly trained and instructed, the Negro will make as good a soldier as the world has ever seen. The

proper training and instruction of the Negro soldier is a simple problem—it merely consists in treating him like a man, in a fair and square way, and in developing the valuable military assets he naturally possesses in the form of a happy disposition, pride in the uniform, tractability, and faithfulness. Anyone who says the Negro will not fight, does not, of course, know what he is talking about.

"The first fight I ever was in, the battle of El Caney, Cuba, July 1, 1898, I had Negroes killed and wounded all around me, 20 per cent of my company having been killed and wounded in about ten minutes' time, and the behaviour of the men was splendid. At no time during that and subsequent fights, did my men hesitate at the command to advance or falter at the order to charge. I expect my colored regiment to be fully as well drilled, as well instructed, as well behaved, and as good fighters, as any other regiment in the National Army. Lest some might think that what I have to say about the Negro soldier is only the fulsome words of a 'Yankee' Negro-phile, let me say that I am a native Louisianian who did not leave the confines of the state until I went to West Point at the age of eighteen."

No more reliable authority is needed for the

bravery of colored soldiers in this world war than the French War Department, which cited a complete Negro regiment for the Croix de Guerre, which is an honor conferred by the French War Department only in exceptional cases. The regiment honored is the 365th Infantry of the 93rd Division, the old 15th Infantry of the National Guard of New York. The War Department praises the regiment in the following words:

"Under command of Colonel Hayward, who, though wounded, insisted on leading his regiment in battle; of Lieutenant-Colonel Pickering, admirably cool and brave; of Major Cobb (killed), of Major Spencer (severely wounded), of Major Little, a true leader of men, the 365th Reserve Infantry, U. S. A., engaging in an offensive for the first time in the drive of September, 1918, stormed powerful enemy positions, energetically defended, too, after heavy fighting, the town of S_____, captured prisoners, and brought back six cannons and a great number of machine guns."

The Negroes were, perhaps, the most proficient bayonet-fighters in the American Army. They simply doted on the cold steel, and their natural agility, improved by intensive training, made them troops to be feared at close quarters. It was

not long before the fame of the Negro bayonet-wielders spread among the Huns, and it was seldom the German troops would hold out, when the yelling, sweating Negroes jumped into their trenches.

Not even liquid fire could break the morale of the Negro troops. There is a story told of one wounded soldier who leapt up and, dragging a useless foot after him, rushed into the trenches when he saw an airplane spray the wounded Yankees with burning oil. He was killed in his mad attempt to take revenge, but he got at least one Hun with a good old southern shaving implement pressed into service for the occasion.

The terrors of shrapnel, gas, high explosives, the grim life in the trench, were made bearable by the unfailing good nature of the Negroes. When permissible they organized their quartets and sang plantation songs. Frank Washington, a wounded Negro from South Carolina, told the story of how a quartet harmonized on "Massa's in De Cold, Cold Ground," and when the singing was over said in unison, "and we all's gwine be with him tonight." They were awaiting orders to go over the top at the time.

That peculiar regard by the foe for the rules of civilized warfare which included the use of

explosive bullets, among other atrocities, was experienced by the Negro soldiers. To the certain knowledge of some of the Negroes at Debarkation Hospital No. 3, dozens of these men were torn to bits by explosive bullets. Their wounded were sprayed with liquid fire by the Huns during the fighting on the Champagne front.

James P. McKinney, of Greeneville, S. C., attached to the Headquarters Company of the 371st Infantry, was wounded in the right arm by shrapnel in the "Big Stunt." Gas infection set in and he was invalidated out of service.

"If there is anything in this war that the Negro troops missed," said McKinney, telling of his experiences, "I certainly never heard of it. Explosive bullets, liquid fire, high explosives, gas, and all the horrors of war were certainly turned loose on us. But just the same, the Negro troops went through it, and when it came to the final test we proved ourselves better men than the Germans. This was especially true when it came to fighting at close quarters. Jerry would not fight with the bayonet against the Negro troops, and that was all there was to it. The Hun would stand out there and pump a machine gun at us—750 shots to the minute, but when we came up close to him he would yell 'Kamerad!' and hold up his hands.

Our officers made us let up on them, too, but the Huns did what they pleased to our wounded.

"The day we went over the top we took our positions early in the morning, and waited until our barrage had smashed the German defenses pretty well. About the time our barrage lifted, the Huns sent over a counter-barrage, but we went right through it, and up over the slopes commanded by their machine guns. They turned loose everything they had to offer, and the storm of lead and steel got a lot of our men. Still we followed our officers into the devils' trenches. A few of the Germans tried to fight with their bayonets, but we could all box pretty well, and boxing works with the bayonet. A few feints, and then the death-stroke was the rule. Most of the Huns quit as soon as we got at them. Even the ones that had been on the machine guns yelled for us to spare them. I guess in the excitement some of them fared poorly."

The narrator's idea of German military honor is the same as that which American soldiers have generally brought back. "You can never tell which Germans to trust," declared McKinney. "Ordinarily where men surrender, they are through, and you can trust them. But the Germans who surrendered to us would have auto-

matic pistols up their sleeves, and would suddenly drop their arms and open fire. I know of one squad that was wiped out because a Jerry killed one of our doughboys."

Continuing his story of the attack, McKinney gives some of the dramatic incidents of the fighting:

"While we were advancing we worked along low and took all available cover against the machine-gun fire directed against us. As soon as we came within range we opened fire with hand-grenades and accounted for the machine-gun nests. I saw some of the gunners chained to their post. Their barbed wire gave us trouble. Our artillery cut it up pretty badly, but still it was a pretty strong barrier against the advancing Infantry. When we got tangled up in the wire Jerry would play with his rifles. I've seen fellows get into a German trench with their uniforms flying in shreds. I was wounded in the arm at the big stunt. We were attacking along the whole front, and the Huns were kept on the hop. While going up I was hit and had to fall behind. My arm was badly mussed up, but I threw a few grenades here and there and I guess I got a few of them.

"The German artillery fire was accurate. They had our ranges down to a science, and while they

had good ammunition were hummers. They were good marksmen. Why, I've seen them cut a regular ditch along a row of shell-holes to prevent our troops from using the holes for shelter. There was positively nothing they didn't do that was horrible. I've seen them cut loose at a company runner with a three-inch artillery. It was a funny sight for us, but not for the runner. The Huns would drop shells all around him while he fled on wings of terror. I never saw them get a runner with their artillery fire, but I've seen some pretty close shooting.

"Perhaps the most unusual experience I ever had was one day when we were advancing toward the German positions. They cut loose with their artillery and we were ordered to take open order and hunt cover. For two hours we were violently shelled, but, thanks to Providence, none of us was killed. A few were slightly wounded. They mixed high explosives with gas and shrapnel.

"About the hardest luck of the war though," concluded McKinney, "fell to the lot of a pal of mine. He got a piece of steak somewhere and was cooking it—his first bit of steak in months. While the meat was broiling the Germans began a bombardment. The men put on their masks,

but the meat was ruined. That's what I call hard luck."

Frank Washington, a typical plantation Negro from Edgefield, S. C., is another who proved his valor under conditions worthy of testing the bravery of the bravest. He was attached to Company C, 371st Infantry, and received an explosive bullet through the arm at Champagne. His story is as follows:

"It was all bad, but the worst was when the German airplanes flew low and sprayed the wounded with liquid fire. There is no way of putting out that liquid flame, and no one can help you, because the fire spreads so quickly. It is bad enough to be helpless out there, without water or friends, but to have a hell fiend fly over and just squirt torture over you—well, the Indians or savages of Africa were not much worse. They were not so bad, in fact, for they were savages—the Germans are supposed to be civilized.

"A Hun plane flew over when I was wounded, but, believe me, when I see that fire coming, I sure did some lively hopping around. There wasn't going to be any broiled Washingtons if I could help it. But some of the mortally wounded were burned to death. Those Huns should be made to pay for that sort of thing. It ain't fight-

ing, it's concentrated hell. But we had to tend to their wounded, and one of our officers saw that we did it.

"I was over the top in the fighting on September 29 and 30. We advanced after the usual barrage had been laid down for us. We went up to the Germans, and my platoon found itself under the fire of three machine guns. One of these guns was in front and jes' runnin' like a mill race. The other two kept a-piling into us from the flanks, and the losses were mounting. We got the front one. Its crew surrendered and we stopped. The other guns kept right on going, but we got them, too.

"It was while we were attacking the guns on our flanks that I was wounded. Ordinary bullets are bad enough, but the one that hit me was an explosive bullet. That's me, sir, every time. When things is coming, I sure get my share of them every time. Yes, sir, I certainly get my share.

"While I was knocked down, it was safer to stay down. Those machine guns just kept right on pumping — not the ones we captured, but others. The wind they stirred up around your face just kept you cool all the time. I finally started back, but found myself in a German bar-

rage. It was shrapnel in front of me and machine guns in back of me. I lay right down and had a heart to heart chat with St. Peter. I sure never did expect to get home again.

“They say Edgeville ain’t much to look at, but I would have given two months’ pay, including allotments, to get back on my farm about then. But now that I’ve been there and come back I kind of feel that I am square with this country. I did my share, and I’m glad I did it.”

“Yes, sir,” interposed McKinney, “we all did our share, and we are all glad we did it. This was democracy’s war. The Negro troops assumed the burden of democracy along with the white and red troops. We did our share to keep America unchained, and we are all proud we did it. We are sure, too, that America will not forget.”

And now the lips of many of our colored boys are stilled in death. And yet they call, call on us the living that we dedicate ourselves to the high resolve that they shall not have died in vain.

Surely there is no race under the canopy of Heaven which has a greater interest in the winning of this war for democracy than the Negro. America has taken such a broad and determined stand for world-wide human freedom, and the Negro is making such a huge contribution to that

gigantic task, that we have every reason to feel assured that the nation's attitude toward the Negro must undergo a favorable change, and that we shall daily come nearer and nearer to the equal enjoyment of all the rights, privileges and immunities of citizenship.

In a telegram sent to the Chicago Colored Branch of the National Security League, Secretary of War Baker said:

"After all, what is this thing we call 'democracy' and about which we hear so much nowadays? Surely it is no catch phrase or abstraction. It is demonstrating too much vitality for that. It is no social distinction or privilege of the few, for were it that, it could not win the hearts of peoples and make them willing to die for its establishment. But it is, it seems to me, a hope as wide as the human race, involving men everywhere—a hope which permits each of us to look forward to a time when not only we, but others, will have respective rights, founded in the generosity of nature, and protected by a system of justice which will adjust its apparent conflicts. Under such a hope nations will do justice to nations, and men to men."

But the American Negro, despised, hated, exploited and lynched, still lives on with a

loyalty to the American flag, with a racial tenacity which is unparalleled and a devotion to Jehovah and his laws which constitutes one of the sublimest episodes in history.

No people has dreamed such dreams of the new and better day of brotherhood; no people has kept so close to the springs of mystic experience, and drunk so deep of their living waters of the spirit. Especially has no people so suffered and striven and sacrificed for freedom. Tried in the fire as silver is tried, they have come forth a people cleansed in hope, redeemed for the patient toil that must still be done; and

“To those who died for liberty
And did not die in vain!
They counted light their loss
That gave the world eternal gain!”

CHAPTER V

Things For Which We Fought

After four years of warfare carried on with all the ingenuity of deviltry and methods of warfare which would bring blushes to the cheeks of savages, the whole world is now fully aware of what the gospel of "force versus right" means, and America, whose eyes now are fully opened to the truth, is as equally determined as the Allies that this spirit of brute force must forever be trampled in the dust, never to assert itself again.

If I thought that the final and total result of this vast struggle between Germany and the Allies and America, with the millions of dead and wounded, the incalculable destruction of property and treasure, the indescribable misery of unoffending peoples the world around, was to be nothing better and higher than the restoration of civilization as it existed just before the war broke out, I think I would be tempted to question if the cause was worth the life of a single soldier in the ranks. Universal discontent with our political

and industrial achievements was the characteristic feature of our life before the war, and this discontent was based upon the undisputed fact that our civilization, whatever its material triumphs, was a moral and spiritual failure. It is true that knowledge had never been so wide-spread, mechanical efficiency so marvelous, natural resources so abundant and accessible. It is true that political democracy had been born, the laws of sanitation discovered, and the science of communication developed to the point of miracle. In a way modern civilization was the most marvelous the world had ever known. But if you ask me if that civilization is worth dying for, I tell you "No!" and yet it has been died for by millions of noble men in every great country of the modern world.

Not in what civilization was, but in what good men desired and had faith that it might be made—not in the reality that festered like some poisonous growth upon the earth, but in the dream that blossomed like a fragrant flower within the heart—not in the disorder, struggle and bloodshed of the society that bred this war, but in the order, co-operation and brotherly accord of the new society that shall after this war bring in the thousand years of peace—here is to be found that thing that is worth dying for. And

here, if I mistake not, is the thing for which the vast majority of colored men who went into this war were willing, nay glad, to lay down their lives. They were not fighting to preserve or restore the old order. If the old balances of power, the old suspicions, hatreds and prejudices are to be revived, then is the sacrifice of the best blood of the Negro race a futile and tragic thing.

But, if out of the chaos of this world conflict a new and purer civilization and democracy shall emerge, and extend its influence throughout our own land, and safeguard the rights and liberties of all mankind, regardless of race or color, then indeed may we declare that the colored soldiers whose lives have been sacrificed upon the bloody battlefields of France "shall not have died in vain."

Here in America, we have more upon our hands this day than the confession of our sins, and the rectification of our inward personal lives. We have as well an important part to play in the building of a new world, the construction of a new society, the bringing in of a new and better day.

The Kingdom of God, of which Jesus talked so many years ago, is laid upon our souls as it has been laid upon no other generation of Christians

since the dreadful day of Calvary. Here are those myriads of youthful lives poured out in bounteous sacrifice! Here are these millions of dead bones sowing the sweet earth as for a divine harvest! Here are the blood and tears and agony, not of a nation's, nor of a race's, but of a world's despair! What is it all for? How is it to be made worth while? By the sacrifice of all we have and all we are to the Kingdom of God, the new democracy of man, the world as Christ dreamed it, and as God has had it in His heart through all the sad, dark years!

A little while ago, and every proposal for reform, every crusade for a better world, every struggle for social emancipation, was met by the opposition of "interests" — personal interests, business interests, political interests, class interests, national interests. Many of these oppositions seemed defensible at that time, but they are now defensible no more. Henceforth they stand as the sin against the Holy Ghost.

Thousands of Americans, white and black, have died, trusting in us who live to see that the world is made safe for democracy. We are pledged to their dead bones, and the pledge must be redeemed. God grant that America shall take the lead; let the influence of our civilization and democracy enlighten the whole world.

But, the world cannot be made wholly safe for democracy while the strong are the oppressors of the weak. Universal democracy cannot be modeled after the American style unless the principle of government of the people, by the people, for the people is indeed a reality within our own borders; unless race discrimination, hatred and persecution are forever banished from the land. Because true democracy can never exist in a land where race and color are a bar to men's political, industrial and economical advancement.

President Woodrow Wilson said in one of his speeches since America entered the war:

“The world must be made safe for democracy. Its peace must be planted upon the trusted foundations of political liberty.”

And in another address:

“It seems to me that this is a time of privilege. All our principles, all our hearts, all our purposes, are being searched, searched not only by our own consciences, but searched by the world; and it is time for the people of the states of this country to show the world in what political sense they have learned the lessons of democracy—that they are fighting for democracy because they believe it, and that there is no application of democracy which they do not believe in.”

In the principles set forth in the foregoing quotations of our President, I heartily concur; and all fair-minded Americans will agree that the world will never be wholly safe for democracy until America is safe for the Negro.

On every battlefield where America has drawn the sword Negro soldiers have fought, bled and died for the perpetuation of the very principles enunciated by our President. Millions of us still live with an unswerving loyalty to the American flag and devotion to the noble cause for which it stands, and in this sad epoch in our nation's history we believe that America will awaken to a realization of its duty toward this ever loyal race, and in keeping with our recent teachings of democracy to the world, will measure out even-handed justice to the Negro.

The blood that has poured from the Negro's veins upon the sunny soil of war-ridden France does not represent his initial sacrifice for the honor of America. In our great enthusiasm over the wonderful achievements of the Negro in this war, let us not forget that the first blood of the Revolutionary war was drawn from a Negro's veins; and upon Boston Commons there stands today a monument bearing testimony to the noble sacrifice which Crispus Attucks made for a new-

born nation that was destined to figure so conspicuously in shaping the destinies of the world.

Having done his bit in 1776 to save the colonies from Great Britain, the Negro was called upon in the Civil war of 1861 to save the nation from itself. The awful events of that horrible catastrophe are still fresh in the minds of many Americans. The prowess and valor of the Negro soldiers in that war are unsurpassed in all the annals of warfare.

Again, we need but mention the 9th and 10th Cavalry, and the 24th and 25th Infantry, and every true heart in America must acknowledge the fact that in the Spanish-American War the characteristic loyalty of the colored soldiers was demonstrated beyond peradventure.

If, after more than 250 years of unselfish devotion to every movement to advance the cause of Americanism (except for the restraint placed upon him by slavery) the Negro has not paid the price of justice and fair play, equal protection under our constitution and laws, freedom from unjust discrimination and persecution, then, may I ask, what, in the name of everything that is righteous, shall the price be?

CHAPTER VI

Negro Republics in the War

Not very far from our Atlantic Coast lies the little island of Haiti, a republic governed by Negroes, and one of our allies in the war against the Central Powers. In all the history of warfare, no braver fighters can be found than these Haitian Negroes.

It was in 1630 that Europeans began to bring their peculiar civilization to that portion of the island of Santo Domingo which is now Haiti. Pirates and privateers, driven from St. Christopher by the Spanish, settled in the Island of Tortuga, off the northwest coast of Haiti, and set up a general pirates' headquarters. They would sail forth into the Spanish Main, win death or plunder, and return to the mainland of Haiti to drink and carouse until their money was all spent. For years the war between the pirates and the Spanish continued intermittently, but in 1664 the French West India Co. took possession of the settlement. Port de Paix was founded soon afterward, but

there was constant warfare between the French of Haiti and the Spanish of Santo Domingo. About this time many slaves from Africa were imported, and the first slave uprising took place in 1678, but it was easily put down.

In 1695 English and Spanish attacked the French, Port de Paix was destroyed, and the English made prisoners of all the men, while the Spanish made captives of all the women and children.

Warfare of this kind continued until 1697, when peace was established and the French colony prospered amazingly, growing tobacco, cocoa, coffee, indigo and sugar, but slavery was growing too fast for enduring prosperity. In 1754, 14,000 white men owned 172,000 Negro slaves.

It was the French Revolution that started the Negro uprising that finally ended with the Negroes victorious under Toussaint L'Overture, former slave, and one of the greatest soldiers the world has ever known.

The French National Assembly granted freedom to the slaves in 1791, but this decree was resisted by the white settlers. Oge, a mulatto, started a revolution, which was quickly suppressed, but Jean Francois, another mulatto,

raised an insurrection in the north, marching on Cape Francais, burning and murdering. According to Otto Schoenrich, in his book "Santo Domingo, a Country With a Future," the whites defeated his force and began, in their turn, an indiscriminate slaughter of Negroes.

The Negroes thereupon rose in every direction, and the paradise of the West Indies became a hell.

In 1793 France went to war with England and Spain. The Spanish authorities at Santo Domingo made overtures to Negro leaders, of whom a number entered the Spanish service as officers of high rank, among them was Toussaint L'Overture, who later showed remarkable military ability and administrative qualities. The French government sent commissioners to the colony, whose tactless handling of a difficult situation fanned the flames of civil war.

But the French persuaded Toussaint to abandon the Spanish and help defeat the English. He was made general-in-chief of the French forces and drove the English from the island in 1798, after the English had spent \$100,000,000, and lost 45,000 lives. Although Toussaint became embittered against the whites, he was able to keep order among the Negroes until his death. They

were hostile to the United States until it abolished slavery. Haiti is the strongest Negro republic in the world. The men are fearless, and with traditions of military valor. It was submarine outrages that caused Haiti to declare war against Germany.

Passing notice should also be given to the Negro Republic of Liberia, which declared war on Germany soon after the United States entered the conflict. Liberia is situated in Africa, on the southwestern coast of Upper Guinea (the Grain Coast) between Sierra Leone and the French settlements of the Ivory Coast. It has between 500 and 600 miles of coast line, an average extent inland of 200 miles. The inhabitants are descendants of Afro-American settlers from the United States. The Republic of Liberia was founded in 1821 by the American Colonization Society, in treaty with native African princes, as a colony for emancipated Negroes. In 1847 it was recognized as an independent state.

Thus we see that the activity of the Negro in this war has not been confined to us here in America, but everywhere Negroes have done their bit to save the world from the throes of militarism. These black republics have demonstrated to the world their capacity for self-gov-

ernment. While Haiti has frequently suffered the misfortune of insurrections, yet, these instances almost without exception have been due to the interference of outside influences.

CHAPTER VII

The War Is Won

And now, as we look into the eastern horizon, beneath the vanishing clouds of war, we see, emblazoned in letters of gold the word Victory! The deed is done; the most glorious victory in the history of the world has been won. The world has found brotherhood; the world has found God. No one nation, race or creed stands foremost in the winning of this war. White, black, yellow and red—Jew and Gentile—Catholic and Protestant, have given their all for humanity and democracy, and through a co-operation of races undreamed of in all the world's history, comes victory.

The spirit of brotherhood on the blood-soaked fields of France, over here in factory and home, has done more than anything else toward attuning the world to a single heart-throb for a victory that shall redound to the lasting benefit and glory of all humanity.

The colored people of the United States realize

what all this means to them and, as they bore their part of the burden of war, so will they perform their part of the great task of building up to the level of our new found ideals and blood-bought visions of brotherhood.

The contest between democracy and autocracy is as old as the wars between the Greek cities and the Persian kings, Darius and Xerxes, and has come down through all the history of England and France. But free nations have shown that, given a little time, they could so organize and so arm themselves as to beat back the forces of the long prepared and perfectly organized military autocracies, and today we rejoice that the great task which was before the world in its fight against Teuton military autocracy has been successfully accomplished.

The sacrifices of war are over, but the sacrifices of peace are only now to begin. These are sacrifices that will put behind us selfishness, greed and a willingness to exploit the souls and the bodies of other men. These are sacrifices that will turn our minds away from bigness, from numbers, from races and from accumulations, to character, to quality and to spiritual power. We should no longer think of the size of a nation, or the color of a race, but of free nations and races, joyfully

competing together in service to mankind and in revelation of new and unsuspected powers of helpfulness and progress.

America, through its sacrificial devotion, has received a new view of fair play and devotion. As brothers we fought in the war; as brothers we died in battle, and now, let us live as brothers in peace, and in our relations with each other in this country, let us bow to no ideal that lacks the fullness of justice.

Our boys will soon be back from "over there." To thousands of Negro families that knowledge brings supreme joy. Soon the victorious hosts of democracy will march along the streets of our big cities to receive the homage of grateful multitudes. Our brothers and sons who have planted democracy among millions of people who have been ground under the ruthless heel of militarism, are coming home. Out of the mud of trenches, away from the noise of cannon, away from the barbed wire entanglements of Argonne Forest. Having shared the glories of Cantigny and Seich-prey; of Chateau-Thierry and the Vesle; of St. Mihiel and Cambrai, our boys are coming home.

They went abroad, many of them in their most impressionable years. They went to lands of rich, deep national culture, and when they come

home they are going to view their country, not as they viewed it before, but with eyes wide open, unembarrassed and unafraid. They will have found the human race to be one, whatever the shade of the skin or the inflection of the tongue. Indeed, there will be a great revival when the thousands of Negro soldiers return and are again diffused through the wide structure of nearly twelve million Negroes whom they left behind.

“From out the west; from o’er the seas,
The sons of liberty arrive.

And now unfurled, full in the breeze,
The glorious flag of freedom flies.
On ‘No Man’s Land’ the Hunnish hordes
In frantic haste turn homeward all;
With cause accursed, while o’er Berlin
The darkening shadows fall.”

Little do we in America know of the hardships endured by these men, in trenches soaked with rain and being bombarded with shells. We know nothing of the pangs of hunger and the agony that our wounded soldiers have suffered. We have not seen the wreckage of the battlefield. We have had our meatless and wheatless days; we have given money in abundance, but, after all, how small are the sacrifices we have made when

we compare them with all that these men have given for civilization.

And now that the war is over, let us not feel that there is no longer any need for sacrifice on our part. The empty sleeve and the crutch which we now begin to see in public places tell their own sad story.

We must not disappoint these men. They must be aided economically and industrially, and they and their children after them must have the chance which they have so dearly bought. It is to be hoped that there is not a Negro in America who will not willingly bear his part of the burden brought home to us by these unfortunate veterans of war. They have justified for our race the confidence and respect of the civilized world. The qualities they have demonstrated, the character they have shown, the concentration of purpose and the capacity for achievement which they have been able to demonstrate in that time of critical stress, tend to refute the arguments of those who hold that it is unwise to accord the Negro the highest privileges of American citizenship.

The things for which the Negro has stood and is standing and the principles he has battled for in season and out of season, have formed no inconsiderable part of the making of the virility of

the American people. But let us not stop here. In the name of all that is pure and noble; in the name of 12,000,000 souls pleading for justice; in the name of humanity and destiny, I appeal to this liberty-loving, fearless race of ours to go onward and forward and upward to the achievement of grand and glorious things.

American history will hereafter tell how in 1917 the American people with remarkable unanimity went into a ferocious war of European origin in the hope and expectation of putting down divine right government, secret diplomacy and militarism; of making justice and kindness the governing principles in international relations, and of promoting among the masses of mankind the kind of liberty under law which they had themselves long enjoyed. In contributing to the vigorous and successful prosecution of this war they spent their money like water, upset their industries and their habits of life, laid on their posterity an immense burden of debt, and put at risk the lives of millions of their sons and daughters. At the same time they gave huge sums of money to relieve the miseries and woes which war now entails on combatants and non-combatants alike. Glorious tributes will be paid to brave American soldiers who have won medals of distinction from

England and France and rapid promotion in our army.

But what will history tell of those brave colored soldiers who faced death all along the line of the western front? Let us hope that in this respect previous histories of American wars will not be regarded as precedents to guide writers of the history of this great war. It will be a source of considerable inspiration to our race to know that the facts concerning the part the Negro played in this war will not be suppressed, and that he will be fairly treated by historians of this world-conflict.

This war, more than anything else, has taught us that we are inseparably linked together here in America. Color lines and class distinctions are easily effaced in times of war. Then why so prominent in times of peace? The Negro fought the same battles, shed the same blood, died the same death as the white man. Why not receive the same honors? The test of the worthiness of a favored race is its willingness to reach down and lift up a less favored people. Give the Negro an equal chance; give him the same chance to live in peace that he has been given to fight in war, and just as he has honored his country in times of war, so will he be true to our highest national ideals in the years of peace to come.

CHAPTER VIII

Shall America Be Safe For Democracy?

Shall America be safe for democracy? This is the burning question that touches the hearts of 12,000,000 Negroes. Can our democracy be more than a travesty when it excludes millions of our citizens? Alabama needs 75,000 ballots to elect ten Congressmen. Minnesota needs 300,000. Is this democracy? 350,000 voters in the South have as much political power as 1,500,000 voters in New York State. Is this democracy? Georgia and New Jersey have the same vote for President; 80,000 ballots are cast in Georgia, while New Jersey cast 430,000. Is this democracy? No! "Taxation without representation is tyranny," not democracy.

Three thousand Negroes fought for American independence under George Washington; 12,000 of us fought with Jackson at New Orleans; 200,000 Negro soldiers fought to save the Union in the Civil War; 10,000 of us fought in the Spanish-American War; Negro soldiers were among

the first to land in France with General Pershing, 300,000 of them having crossed the ocean before the signing of the armistice.

We have in the United States 1,000,000 Negro farmers, 30,000 carpenters, 30,000 clergymen, 12,000 brick and stone masons, 30,000 teachers, 3,000 physicians; we own 250,000 farms with 20,000,000 acres of land worth \$500,000,000; we have church property worth \$76,000,000; we have 60,000 iron and steel workers and 20,000 slaughter and packing-house operators.

And after all this, shall the Negro have no partnership in the great joy of a liberated world? Shall millions of "the least of these my brethren" be excluded from participation in that democracy for which the world is said to have been made safe?

We ask no redress for the wrongs that have been perpetrated upon us, but a cessation of those wrongs. Ever since the Negro has dared to raise his voice in his own behalf, and in some cases in the face of threats of death or imprisonment, he has pleaded that those principles of justice be applied to him which are so essential to a pure democracy, and which all other races in America enjoy without limitation. And what has been the result? Disfranchisement, Jim-Crow-

ism, discrimination everywhere. In the past 31 years 2,867 Negroes have been lynched in the United States. But let us get down to more concrete facts upon the subject of lynching:

In the year 1918, 58 Negroes were lynched, five of them being women. The offenses charged were: alleged complicity in murder, 14; murder, 7; charged with threats to kill, 6; charged with rape, 10; charged with attempted rape, 6; alleged participation in fight about alleged hog stealing, 3; killing officer of the law, 2; being intimate with a woman, 1; assisting man charged with murder to escape, 1; robbing house and frightening women, 1; killing man in dispute about automobile repairs, 1; making unwise remarks, 1; making unruly remarks, 1; killing a landlord in dispute over a farm contract, 1; assault with intent to murder, 1; wounding another, 1; robbery and resisting arrest, 1.

The states in which lynching occurred and the number of Negroes lynched in each state are as follows:

Alabama, 3; Arkansas, 2; California, 1; Florida, 2; Georgia, 16; Illinois, 1; Kentucky, 1; Louisiana, 8; Mississippi, 5; North Carolina, 2; Oklahoma, 1; South Carolina, 1; Tennessee, 4; Texas, 9; Virginia, 1; Wyoming, 1;

To make this record of lynchings in the United States more complete, it should be stated that 4 white men were also victims.

Oh, Cain, where is Abel, thy brother?

For the period of the war the Negro put aside his grievances, and determined to make a supreme sacrifice for the honor of his country and the peace of the world. But he could not help carrying with him across the mighty deep a consciousness of the awful wrongs he had suffered, and which his brother at home must suffer while he was in France occupying positions where his life would be imperiled by his duties, and where the grim shadow of death might forever obscure the beautiful sunshine of life; this, I say, for the honor of a country in which lynching, jim-crowism and race discrimination are a part of the unwritten law.

The glorious reception which the Negro soldiers found awaiting them as they entered France was indeed a soothing balm for their souls. Many had come directly from the South, and the lessons of their lives had taught them that freedom was for the white man, and the part which they should always play in the great drama of life was that of service. But when they were received with open arms by the generous people of France, whose

democratic institutions are supported by an obedient spirit of the people, these Negroes were doubly assured that if this were democracy, surely they had made no mistake in deciding that it was worth fighting for. They found that in France democracy was more than statutes, or constitutions—it was a national idealism that guided the people in their daily intercourse. They had made a dangerous journey from a land where they were hated by many and admired by few, but nevertheless a land which they dearly loved. Loved it because it was their home, because they had helped make it what it is, and because they were inspired by their faith in the superiority of God's law over that of man, and that in process of time the brotherhood of man would be a guiding force in America.

At first it was difficult for some of these colored soldiers to reconcile themselves to this new situation, a real democracy. They could not understand how they could be respected for their manhood on one side of the Atlantic, and hated on the other side because they were black, but as I have said in the beginning, the ability of the Negro to adapt himself to new conditions is one of his chief characteristics. They soon learned that in France the measure of a man's worth is

not color, but character; and the comparison which they made was not at all flattering to America. Elijah could not have been filled with more enthusiasm when he entered the gates of Heaven than were these Negro soldiers when they were embraced by the people of France.

The thing that has irritated the colored soldier most is his consciousness that after having helped to win the war for the freedom of the world, he must return home to resume the fight for his own freedom. But he is coming home, and he will bring with him new hopes, fresh determination and a broader vision of his rights and obligations as an American citizen. He will tell us of his brilliant defense in the battle of Chateau Thierry, under the leadership of black officers; he will tell us of the terrific fighting he saw in the struggle of Argonne; he will tell us that in the last hour before the signing of the armistice the 365th, a Negro Infantry, were the nearest American soldiers to the Rhine; he will tell us that of all the Allied troops the 367th, a Negro Infantry, upon the cessation of hostilities, were the nearest troops to Metz.

What shall the answer be when these brave boys give such a glowing account of their stewardship? Shall it be a lynching in Georgia, or

Ohio? Shall it be a tightening of the color line, or the extension of jim-crowism in the North? Shall it be the increase of segregation of Negroes in the filthiest districts of the large cities of the United States?

Or shall it be a sincere welcome home to America's faithful black sons, with a conscientious assurance that they shall receive a just share in America's democracy, in recognition of their inalienable and constitutional rights, and in appreciation of the part they played in saving the sacred institution of democracy to all the world?

It is now more than half a century since the great Lincoln issued the Emancipation Proclamation. To God and the several human agencies he employed in accomplishing this result, the colored man is profoundly grateful and indebted. What man of color who knows of the struggles that the good people of the North had to encounter in their efforts to save the Union, to rid the nation of that fierce monster, human slavery, to secure to the freedmen the same measure of freedom vouchsafed other people of the United States, to transform social and political pariahs into citizens of a nation that was destined to become the greatest republic that the world has ever known, to secure these blessings by appropriate

amendments to the Constitution, and to insure by further legislation the full enjoyment of those rights, what colored man can afford to be unthankful, what colored man dare refuse his support to every movement for the advancement of the cause of America? The Negro has promised to be faithful to America's institutions, and he will be true to his word.

The Negro believes that if castigation is to be resorted to, it must be visited upon disobedient or reckless members of the household. Instead of destroying the house by fire because vermin have entered and are flourishing therein, the rivers of public discontent and civic righteousness must be let into it and the pests swept therefrom. But, by all means, the house must be preserved!

It is true, though, that we are often forced to use the language of that immortal bard of the race, Mr. Paul Lawrence Dunbar, who exclaimed:

“With citizenship discredited and scorned, with violated homes and long unheeded prayers, with bleeding hands, still sore and smarting from long beating at the door of opportunity, we raise our voices and sing, ‘My Country, ‘tis of Thee.’ We shout and sing, while from the four points of the compass comes our brothers’ unavailing cry.”

And yet we celebrate with great enthusiasm the Declaration of Independence.

We cannot forget the living words of Patrick Henry, that fired the hearts of the American patriots, when he said, "Give me liberty or give me death." And we are not unmindful of the fact that it was taxation without representation that brought on the war in America between the colonists and the mother country. Any monstrous piece of inconsistency and injustice of this kind will of necessity cause restlessness and revolt in any intelligent people, and the evil will be intensified exactly in proportion to the understanding of the wronged and outraged citizens.

It is gratifying to note, however, the wonderful forbearance of the colored people in all these wrongs and outrages; it is not only proverbial with them to forbear, but this characteristic of the race is one of the chief contributing causes of its remarkable growth and wonderful developments in education, industry, refinement, political and moral power.

Our forbearance does not indicate ignorance of the value of political and civil liberty, for we know the importance of both. Every citizen of a republic like ours knows that the possession of political liberty is unquestionably a right of a

community, and citizens may, with perfect reason, exact it even of governments which actually govern well. It is the duty of a government, if it would discharge its duties as it should, "to accumulate, to the utmost, securities for beneficial measures hereafter." Every average American citizen, white or black, knows that to enjoy perfect political liberty, he must possess the ballot, and to make the right use of it, that his liberty might be secured. The colored people know that "political liberty is not a matter that admits of certain conclusions from theoretical reasoning; it is a question of facts; a question to be decided, like questions of philosophy, by reasoning founded upon experience."

As a race we have been wronged and outraged in that our political liberty has been and is now interfered with, hence our civil liberty is not what the constitution guarantees, and, therefore, our complaint, though unheeded is well founded, and the American people know that we know it. But, again, we know that our peculiar political situation has created in us a strong desire to exercise our full political power. We know also that a reasonable desire constitutes a claim that is not only worthy of a favorable consideration, but an

honest and impartial investigation; and if the thing desired is superior to the thing causing the complaint, then it is the pledged duty of the government to remove the cause of the disturbance, and give satisfaction to the dissatisfied. A dissatisfied community of people is an uncertain quantity, and as a race we are dissatisfied, "and in whatever degree a people are not satisfied, in the same degree civil government," all things being equal, "does not effect its proper ends. To deny satisfaction to a reasonable people without showing a good reason, is to withhold from them the due portion of civil liberty."

Furthermore no solution of difficulties growing out of the relations of two races is going to be permanent and satisfactory unless both have made contributions to it. For no arbitrary solution, imposed from without, is likely to be right, or tolerated.

It was probably this thought that prompted our President, Woodrow Wilson, on the 16th day of August, 1918, to issue this direct appeal to the American people in behalf of law and order:

"There have been many lynchings, and every one of them has been a blow at the heart of or-

dered law and humane justice. No man who loves America, no man who really cares for her fame and honor and character, or who is truly loyal to her institutions, can justify mob action while the courts of justice are open and the governments of the states and the nation are ready and able to do their duty. How shall we commend democracy to the acceptance of other peoples if we disgrace our own by proving that it is after all no protection to the weak. Every mob contributes to German lies about the United States what her most gifted liars cannot improve upon by way of calumny."

He called upon the governors of all the states, upon the law officers of every community in the United States, and above all upon the men and women of every community who revere America, to make an end of this disgraceful evil.

In conclusion, he said:

"I can never accept any man as a champion of liberty, either for ourselves or for the world, who does not reverence and obey the laws of our own beloved land, whose laws we ourselves have made. He has adopted the standards of the enemies of his country, whom he affects to despise."

White and black blood have mingled upon the battlefields where the freedom and honor of our country was at stake; together we have built up a great civilization, and present to the world a spectacle that represents itself as a vast democracy living in freedom, with no other ruler but ourselves; the populace of the old monarchies and despotisms have heard of our liberty, and millions of them have crossed the ocean to enjoy it. America was the hope of mankind, and yet, what do we see? Millions of Negroes who have never shared the blessings of that democracy which has made America foremost among all the nations of the world. It is a horrible sight to see, and an ominous failure to confess; for if America fails in her attempt at democracy, where is there any national hope that the cause of civil and political freedom can ever succeed?

Nowhere can the experiment be tried under conditions so favorable. But, if, after all, the dreams of American democracy shall not be fully realized, surely it shall be a sign that God had no part in our attempt. "Except the Lord build the city, they labor in vain who build it. It had all been a vast mistake and delusion from the beginning. Let us call back our kings and czars, and

surrender our liberty and equality. Man is not able to govern himself. Let Moses lead the Israelites back to Pharoah, and cast the tablets of the Divine Law into the depths of the Red Sea. The Pillar of Cloud by day, of Fire by night, was but a mirage and a mockery; and a few selfish tyrants shall have dominion over many helpless slaves."

In stating the case of the American Negro it would, indeed, be ungrateful not to acknowledge the race's appreciation of thousands of the white race who have ever been willing to support every movement for the Negro's advancement. Negro schools, churches, hospitals, Young Men's Christian Associations and other institutions owe their very existence, in many cases, to benefits bestowed upon them by white people throughout the nation. That many institutions are obliged to depend upon public contributions for their support and maintenance is due to the very nature of the institutions. This is true of institutions among all peoples.

But the undemocratic spirit of the people, especially in the South, has made necessary the establishment of many institutions among Negroes. If the states of the South would provide

for the education of their boys and girls, regardless of color or race; if the state legislatures would make the same provision for the education of Negro citizens as is made for white aliens, scores of schools established by Negroes, and depending upon gratuities for their support, would be unnecessary.

Give the Negro a man's chance; give him an equal opportunity, and he will demonstrate his worthiness of all the privileges that a free people ever enjoyed in a democracy. This course is dictated no less by equity than by the truest interests of the whole American people.

The Philadelphia Public *L e d g e r*, recently speaking of the condition of the Negro, said:

"The nation, and every citizen of it, assumed a direct responsibility for the Negro when he was emancipated. Out of indefensible riots some good will come if earnest, capable leaders are made to feel the burden of helpfulness which rests on them. The Negro should not be driven back; he should be aided in fitting himself to the new conditions he meets in the North. We should regard it as a national misfortune if prejudice at this crucial time should stifle the Negro's ambition and tear the heart out of a race which

has just begun to realize its possibilities and its future."

The class of Negroes that were recruited for industrial work in the North during the war is, unfortunately, not the best. They are not versed in the vernacular of labor. They are not class conscious, and they exasperate men who are. Race riots in the North are in origin, often industrial riots. But these people are driven northward by the intolerable conditions that exist in the South. The Negro is not a roaming people. If the Negroes of the South enjoyed conditions of living, facilities for education, and fair treatment, as the whites enjoy, no attraction in the North could induce them to leave the homes to which they are attached.

Ever since the days of slavery the whites of the South have feared the educated Negro; and yet, events have proved that it is the uneducated, and not the educated, Negro who is more to be feared. Perhaps the Governor of Georgia was conscious of this fact when, during his recent inauguration, he intimated that the situation was serious, and that he proposed to meet it, "not by reducing school facilities for Negroes, but by increasing those school facilities," thereby capitalizing an enormous dormant asset.

But on all sides the Negro finds organized efforts to keep him down; and yet he is so determined to rise that he will not stay where he is placed, but persists in going where and doing what he knows he has a natural and constitutional right to do, East St. Louis and Chester massacres to the contrary notwithstanding.

A striking illustration of what the labor unions mean to the industrial efforts of the Negro will be found in the East St. Louis massacre and the causes that brought it about.

On the 2nd of July, 1917, East St. Louis, Ill., added a foul page to the world's history of massacres. A mob of white men, women and children burned and destroyed \$400,000 worth of property belonging to both whites and blacks; drove 6,000 Negroes from their homes, and deliberately murdered by shooting, burning and hanging, between one and two hundred Negro men, women and children. An impartial investigation discloses the fact that the cause of this riot was the hostility of the white labor unions toward Negro laborers who had recently come from the South.

The following is a copy of a letter sent to the members of the "Central Trades and Labor Union," which speaks for itself:

“East St. Louis, Ill.,

May 23, 1917.

“To the Delegates to the Central Trades and Labor Union:

“Greeting:

“The immigration of the Southern Negro into our city for the past eight months has reached the point where drastic action must be taken if we intend to work and live peaceably in this community.

“Since this influx of undesirable Negroes has started no less than ten thousand have come into this locality.

“These men are being used to the detriment of our white citizens by some of the capitalists and a few of the real estate owners.

“On next Monday evening the entire body of delegates to the Central Trades and Labor Unions will call upon the Mayor and City Council and demand that they take some action to retard this growing menace and also devise a way to get rid of a certain portion of those who are already here.

“This is not a protest against the Negro who has been a long resident of East St. Louis and is a law-abiding citizen.

“We earnestly request that you be in attend-

ance on next Monday evening at 8:00 o'clock, at 137 Collinsville Avenue, where we will meet and then go to the City Hall.

"This is more important than any local meeting, so be sure you are there.

"Fraternally,

"Central Trades & Labor Union,

"Edw. F. Mason, Sec'y."

It is not necessary to recite here the awful details of the horrible slaughter of Negroes in East St. Louis that followed the writing of the foregoing letter. The facts are still fresh in the minds of Negroes all over the land, and we know that they did take "drastic action," and that they did "get rid of a certain portion of those" who were already there.

But brief reference will be made to a statement of an eye-witness, Carlos F. Hurd, published July 3, 1918, in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, of which he was a staff-reporter:

"A Negro, his head laid open by a great stone-cut, had been dragged to the mouth of the alley on Fourth Street and a small rope was being put about his neck. There was joking comment on the weakness of the rope, and everyone was prepared for what happened when it was pulled over a projecting cable box, a short distance up the

pole. It broke, letting the Negro tumble back on his knees, and causing one of the men who was pulling on it to sprawl on the pavement.

"An old man, with a cap like those worn by street car conductors, but showing no badge of car service, came out of his house to protest. 'Don't you hang that man on this street,' he shouted, 'I dare you to.' He was pushed angrily away and a rope, obviously strong enough for its purpose, was brought.

"Right here I saw the most sickening incident of the evening. To put the rope around the Negro's neck, one of the lynchers stuck his fingers inside the gaping scalp and lifted the Negro's head by it, literally bathing his hand in the man's blood.

"'Get hold, and pull for East St. Louis,' called a man with a black coat and a new straw hat, as he seized the other end of the rope. The rope was long, but not too long for the number of hands that grasped it, and this time the Negro was lifted to a height of about seven feet from the ground. The body was left hanging there."

If the cruelties which the German soldiers inflicted upon the Belgians, or the massacre of the Armenians by the Turks, surpass this East St. Louis horror, then may I ask, in what respect?

How can the leaders of our civilization look back upon nearly 3,000 black men and women lynched during the past 31 years, and then invite other nations of the civilized world to emulate the virtues of American democracy?

Not long after the East St. Louis race war 15,000 Negroes marched through the streets of New York City in silent protest against recent race riots. The parade formed in Fifth Avenue and marched from Fifty-seventh Street to Madison Square.

Placards carried by Boy Scouts, aged men and by women and children, explained the purpose of the demonstration.

During the progress of the march circulars were distributed among the crowds telling of the purpose which brought the Negroes together. Under the caption, "Why do we march?" the circular read, in part, as follows:

"We march because by the grace of God and the force of truth the dangerous, hampering walls of prejudice and inhuman injustices must fall.

"We march because we want to make impossible a repetition of Waco, Memphis, and East St. Louis by arousing the conscience of the country, and to bring the murderers of our brothers, sisters and innocent children to justice.

“We march because we deem it a crime to be silent in the face of such barbaric acts.

“We march because we are thoroughly opposed to Jim Crow cars, etc., segregation, discrimination, disfranchisement, lynching, and the host of evils that are forced on us. It is time that the spirit of Christ should be manifested in the making and execution of the laws.

“We march because we want our children to live in a better land and enjoy fairer conditions than have fallen to our lot.

“We march in memory of our butchered dead, the massacre of honest toilers who were removing the reproach of laziness and thriftlessness hurled at the entire race. They died to prove our worthiness to live. We live in spite of death shadowing us and ours. We prosper in the face of the most unwarranted and illegal oppression.

“We march because the growing consciousness and solidarity of race, coupled with sorrow and discrimination, have made us one; a union that may never be dissolved in spite of the shallow-brained agitators, scheming pundits and political tricksters who secure a fleeting popularity and uncertain financial support by promoting the disunion of a people who ought to consider themselves one.”

It is inconceivable that in a democracy such as ours there should ever be an occasion for such a united demonstration against lawlessness as that above referred to. Lynching after lynching has occurred with scarcely any protest being made by the colored people of the United States, and certainly little or no effort made by those responsible for law and order to apprehend and punish the culprits.

But with the number of lynchings steadily increasing, and the crimes of the mob spreading like a cancer all over the land, the Negro had reason to be alarmed, lest his silence might be construed as acquiescence.

If the time is to come when the American people shall reassert their faith in that clause of the Declaration of Independence which says, "We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, and that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," surely it ought not to be in the distant future.

But meanwhile the southern mob is northward bound, without conscience or soul, but with impunity, it carries on its work of destruction of human life.

As I protest against the persecution of the Negro race I am not unconscious of the fact that we have among us in all parts of the United States a lawless element whose sins we do not condone. But is this not true of all peoples? Who can say to what extent lawlessness among Negroes would decrease if the southern states guarded the interests of the black boys and girls as they do those of the white race? Is not intellectual and moral uplift as essential in the process of crime elimination among Negroes as it is among whites? If the South would open the doors of opportunity to the Negro, and assure him that hereafter character and intelligence shall be the basis upon which men shall be judged, and that in the dispensation of justice race or color shall not prevent any man from receiving his full measure, the colored people would receive an incentive and would aspire to standards which many have hitherto considered unattainable.

The attitude of the South toward the Negro manifests itself in the chain-gang, convict labor cruelty, Jim Crow cars, special legislation designed to reach and restrict the freedom and liberties of the black man. It is the same South which, when the Confederacy was facing death, authorized through its Congress, the enlistment of 300,-

000 slaves as soldiers, "with the same rations, clothing and pay as other troops," but with the proviso that "nothing in this act shall be construed to authorize a change in the relation of said slaves." As slaves they were to fight for slavery, and then to be remanded to their masters.

Though the ground was quaking, and hope itself was fleeing, the Confederacy piteously pleaded for the help of its slaves, but would not consent to diminish by the smallest fraction, the number of its chained and bound. No wonder that after such a spectacle, the Confederacy went down amid the acclaim of all the nations of the earth, and that "its last days lacked dignity and wholly failed to inspire pity."

The present day plea of the South for Anglo-Saxon dominance, for a studied nullification of, or for a repeal of certain amendments to the Constitution of the United States, is no more than the echo of strident voices heard many years ago, demanding state sovereignty.

Rev. Dr. Dean Richard Babbitt, speaking several years ago of the South in relation to the Negro, said:

"It was feudal in its ideas and impulses before the Civil War; it is feudal today in all its ideas,

impulses, legislation and methods pertaining to the Negro. It is trying to shut the door of opportunity in the face of the black man on grounds of race and color. It is rapidly robbing the Negroes by a deliberate system, of not only political rights, but inalienable natural rights, the rights of life, liberty and happiness."

There is real slavery of the Negro in parts of the South today, only the poor black man or woman is not sold from the auction block, but from the bench of the judge in collusion with slave buyers. What is meant by the slave stockades, the tracking blood-hounds, and the lash among the pine woods of Georgia? They mean that slavery is in existence today.

The Civil War, we are given to understand, forever abolished slavery and demonstrated clearly that the United States was a nation and not a confederacy; yet we have the most open violations of the 13th, 14th and 15th amendments to the Constitution. The 14th amendment settled the Negro's citizenship, and the 15th settled his right to vote, and with this staring the South in the face, they disfranchised the Negro in several states. It has become so serious that we are now face to face with the problem forced

upon the country by the men who fired upon the flag at Sumter.

How shall the nation act in this matter? Their unconstitutional nullification should be met by a constitutional nullification. Congress should refuse all representatives elected by those districts which nullified these three amendments seats in its chamber or a place in the electoral college. This Congress can do constitutionally.

But let us not form a too hasty opinion of what the future will bring to the American Negro. America's greatest opportunity has come. Forces that have struggled for ages have been liberated; institutions, so repugnant to the welfare of humanity, have been swept away; but greater even than the overthrow of autocracy and military tyranny, is the change in ideals. A cloud has been lifted from the minds of men, and they behold each other in a new light. The people throughout the whole world have a more intelligent understanding of the real basis of liberty; mankind have been quickened, the people are astir, and the words liberty and opportunity have a new meaning; among all races there is a growing consciousness of individual power, and a growing desire to do something larger which we were all made and meant to do. It is our hope

and belief that the dominant race in America will see the need and justice of opening the doors of opportunity to the Negro; that the doctrine of the brotherhood of man will be proclaimed from the hill-tops, and made a guiding force in America, and passed on as a heritage to all posterity.

The Negro has the inspiration, he sees the goal —but where is the way? This soul awakening, this conviction on the part of the Negro that he can be free is the fruit of decades of experience and struggle. The year of great opportunity has come; but it comes with a special meaning to those who know the way. It is their privilege, nay, their duty, to lead those who only see the goal.

Blackstone, in his commentaries, states that "political or civil liberty is no other than natural liberty so far restrained as is necessary and expedient for the general advantage of the public."

If it is necessary and expedient for the general advantage of the public that the liberty of the Negro should be restrained to a greater degree than that of other citizens of our country, then there is something radically wrong with the whole structure of our institutions, and the spirit of the public is opposed to our peculiar form of government. Furthermore, the Negro is a part of the

public, and it is illogical to say that anything is for the general advantage of the public, unless it includes the public in its entirety. And to restrain the liberty of one people for the general advantage of another people is undemocratic, and contrary to the spirit of free governments.

It is obvious, therefore, that Blackstone's theory was that each member of a state or community must surrender a portion of his natural liberty in order to make it possible for all other members of the state or community to enjoy corresponding liberty.

Many of the leaders in America would feel that a great deal of good had been accomplished, if something could be done to allay the restlessness of the Negro, but his desire for those things which God in His wisdom intended for all mankind, and for intercourse with the rest of the world, is responsible for the Negro's progress since the days of slavery.

It will be a dreadful day for the race when we shall be satisfied, when the desire to share in all the blessings of civilization and humanity shall cease to beat at the doors of our souls. It is inconceivable that any people could be satisfied, in the midst of the most marvelous civilization the world has ever known, when they are surrounded

by individual and organized efforts that are calculated to deprive them of those things which are essential to their happiness and prosperity. Indeed, I would rather share the fate of the heathen in the jungles of Africa, and live upon the basis of equality with my fellowman, than to dwell in the midst of America's grand civilization, and be denied the rights, privileges and immunities of citizenship.

The Negro is a living man; he is growing; he has become imbued with the highest ideals of modern times. What is it, then, that inspires men with the desire to oppress him? Is it the anxiety for their own welfare? Surely this cannot be the cause. The Negro has learned to love America, he has honored the stars and stripes at home and abroad, he is at home in the fields as well as in the center of learning, and no people has fitted better into our civilization. In every phase of human effort, in every walk of life, we find the Negro not only playing an important part, but measuring up to the highest standards.

But in this day of universal restlessness the world will advance most rapidly if those who are trying to make things better will discontinue generalities and condescend to specific state-

ments of their desires. The process of changing men's hearts is sometimes very gradual.

But the Negro, like all other citizens, has certain rights; these rights are clearly defined by the organic laws of our land, and to deny any citizen the full enjoyment of these rights is contrary to the true spirit of democracy, and repugnant to the free political institutions of America.

Would that I could speak for the entire Negro race, who bow their heads in sorrow as they contemplate the wrongs which they suffer in America, and I would tell you that twelve million souls arise as one man and protest against the injustice of their position; but alas! I speak only for myself; and, speaking for myself, I venture to say that the day is coming when the patience and forbearance of the Negroes throughout the world will be justly rewarded. The hidden hand of Him who guides the destinies of all men will lead the faithful sons of Ham through the dark shadows of prejudice into the sunshine of human justice. But the undertone of every supplication should be, "Thy will be done."

I believe the day will come, it may not be in our time, it may be hidden behind the veil of a century yet to pass, but the day will come when there shall be an adjustment of the social, indus-

trial and political differences between all nations and races of men; when the color of a man's skin will not be a bar to his advancement, and when the Negro race will be numbered among the most favored peoples that ever came forth from the womb of time. And

"His shall be larger manhood, saved
for those,

That walk unblanching through the
trial-fires."

Those who have been opposed to admitting the Negro to equal rights are the more inexcusable in view of his achievements in all spheres of life. So successful indeed has he been wherever opportunity has offered that longer opposition to his complete emancipation is harmful not only to the Negro but to the nation itself. In proportion as the industrial, economic and moral standard of the humblest citizen is raised, in proportion as his enjoyment of the rights, privileges and immunities of citizenship are in conformity with the constitution and laws of our land; in the same proportion will America represent those ideals and principles of democracy for which the proudest blood of Europe and America has been shed.

A significant declaration of principles was adopted at the Jewish Congress recently as-

sembled in Philadelphia. It appeals to the Peace Conference to refuse recognition to any new state that does not grant to all its citizens equality of political, religious and social rights. This is the most effective form of persuasion. It does not encroach upon the domestic affairs of any nationality. Yet it does require a minimum standard of public morality before admitting a new state to the full fellowship of nations.

The protection of minority races in a country, I admit, is not always an easy matter. Here in America we have a constitution that is fair to all peoples within our domain, regardless of race or religion. Our organic law is liberal and just; but the thing that distresses the Negro is the lack of a proper spirit of the people, and a willingness to obey those laws.

How will the American delegates treat this question if it ever arises in the Peace Conference? Soon we shall know, but not soon enough to inform our readers. Our delegates will go into the conference with full knowledge that there are places in their own country where Negroes are burned at the stake by mobs; that there are places in their own country where Negroes are forced to ride in public conveyances, commonly known as Jim Crow cars, that are hardly fit conveyances

for cattle, and for which the same rate of fare is charged as is charged white people for decent accommodations; that there are states in their own country where the Negro has long since been denied the last vestige of his political rights; that everywhere in their own country there are well organized efforts that are calculated to strip the Negro of the rights, privileges and immunities of citizenship guaranteed by our constitution, and which are so essential to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. But, I ask, what would be the attitude of the delegates of our country, if one of the conditions of membership in the proposed League of Nations should be the granting of equal rights to all citizens? Would they yield? If so, then into the waste-basket must go the constitutions of Georgia, Alabama, Florida, and all other states that have boldly inserted in their laws provisions that are in direct violation of our Federal Constitution, and which are intended to abridge the rights of Negroes.

But a vast deal of patience will be necessary while the world is readjusting itself to the new order. We, like other oppressed peoples, can only speculate as to the material advantages that will accrue to us from this world-controversy. Patience is a virtue with the Negro. We are a

peculiar people, and the fact that through all the intervening years we have maintained our love for our country and loyalty toward its institutions is the wonder of the age.

As the world enters upon a realization of its new ideals, let the Negro, who has suffered most of all from oppression, and who has learned his lesson well, take a definite stand for freedom, and for the freedom of our people in other lands.

The Negro can reasonably expect a change in the nation's attitude toward him. The war gave the Negro the opportunity to demonstrate that he is an important factor in America. In the long, troublesome days of the war, when there came the uncompromising acid test of the draft law, the Negro proved himself loyal to the stars and stripes, and I believe that America has appreciated the Negro in this war as never before in history.

The colored soldier's tremendous capacity for service and sacrifice under the stress of war is no new thing. Their service at this time has only been in proportion to the frightful magnitude of the war.

In ordinary times the Negro might be content with a fighting chance and a clear road to work out his own salvation through his own strivings.

That was before the war. Now, like other oppressed peoples, we are not content to wait upon evolution at the old speed. Four years of war have crowded into the world centuries of change. A people's war must mean in the end a people's peace, and there cannot be a people's peace if any race of people is left victim to oppression. The Peace Conference may or may not bring about the desired ends. All will depend upon the leaders of the nations who assemble there. The terms of that peace will be the grim test of the faith of the leaders in the ideal of democracy. Upon their decision the people, including the Negroes, wait uncompromisingly.

Meanwhile, American Negroes, as yet denied a part in the councils of the internations, must fight on for suffrage at home. There is something rather ominous in that fight. Negroes take the phrase, "a war for democracy," very literally. Editorials from the leading Negro papers show a resentment that is auspicious when we realize that it is backed by twelve million Negroes. Shall the Negro, debarred from any voice in the problems of reconstruction, be forced to look hopelessly on, while leaders of other races struggle with each other to rebuild a better world? But,

be this as it may, the struggle for freedom at home must go on.

CHAPTER IX

Democracy As Applied to the Negro

The difficulties involved in the application of democracy in the South are more intricate and perplexing because there is where the great masses of Negroes live. Once while I was talking with a man of education and high position in Georgia, he said:

“Our experience with the Negro here in the South since the Civil War convinces us that after all the democracy of which our forefathers dreamed is an impossibility. There is and can be no equality between Negroes and white men, and we might as well admit it.” He went on to review the familiar assertions concerning the masses of Negroes in the South; their dense ignorance, their irresponsibility, their vices and crimes. “We are meeting these conditions,” he said, “by frank legislation which looks to the limitation of democracy. Politically we have the disfranchisement laws, socially we have the ‘Jim Crow’ laws. We see here in the South that while

democracy is possible for white men, it is impossible for white and colored men together. We have no unkind feeling for the Negroes. We are perfectly willing that they should build up a democracy of their own, if they can, but it must be apart from our white democracy." But democracy cannot be limited by laws which apply to one race or class of citizens, it can only be destroyed, and upon its ruins will grow the worst form of oligarchy.

How can the South expect the Negro to be free from ignorance, vice and crime, when every conceivable barrier is placed in the way of his moral and intellectual advancement, and when, by these very laws by which it is attempted to limit southern democracy, the Negro is denied that incentive and inspiration which flow from the full enjoyment of all the rights, privileges and immunities of citizenship?

In his remarks this southerner expressed the conviction not only of the southern white people, but of many northern white people as well.

But let us not be confused by statute book democracy. Democracy is not law, not customs, nor institutions. Democracy is a spirit. And if that spirit does not prevail among the people it is useless to retain laws on the statute books and

provisions in our constitution which we do not intend to obey. Let us be willing to face the truth. The fact is that most of the people in the North do not believe in any real democracy as between white and colored men. Distrust of the laws in this particular, habitual disobedience wherever the Negro is concerned, has spread until it has affected every human relationship. Men resort to personal vengeance instead of seeking the courts. The "unwritten law" is more potent than the written law; mobs burn and hang without punishment.

The South does not believe and never has believed in a democracy which applies to every man regardless of race, religion or condition. But neither does the North. Undoubtedly the North possesses more of the democratic spirit than the South; and yet, studying the growth of communities in the North which have large Negro populations, I am thoroughly convinced that if they had anything like the proportion of Negroes that the South has, we should also find the North developing a spirit not unlike that of the South. Lynchings, mob-law, discrimination and prejudice are not unknown today in the North. In the haunts of snobbery, in the hovels of vice, in the realms of pleasure, yes, even in the churches

of the North, this same undemocratic spirit is to be found. The same spirit that has burned Negro colleges in Texas and hung Negroes to trees in Georgia, has driven them from towns in Indiana and lynched them in Ohio and Pennsylvania.

The point I am making here is that the spirit of democracy which, after all, is the only thing that counts, is not exhausted with exercise anywhere in this country. We have made a little relative progress toward democracy; we have expressed its shining ideals in some of our institutions, but for the most part the human heart is woefully aristocratic, ungenerous, prejudiced, and it expresses its haughtiness not only in the South, where the Negro suffers most, but in the North as well. In Chicago, in St. Paul, in Boston and other cities of the North, white parents often do not want their children to sit in schools where Negroes attend. This is the plain, unvarnished truth.

But a tremendous endowment of power follows any effort to arrive at the real truth of things. Thus the discussion in the South regarding the limitation of democracy on the statute books has opened the question as to where, having begun to limit, the line shall henceforth be drawn. If you study the political campaigns in

the South, if you read the proceedings of the recent legislatures of southern states, you will discover that, however blindly, the discussions have turned upon these questions:

How many colored men can be cut off from participation in the political rights of the democracy? How many seats at the rear of the car shall the Negroes occupy? At what door shall the Negro enter the railway station? Shall Negroes be confined in the same prisons with white men, or take the oath with their hands on the same Bible, or be buried in the same cemeteries? How many parts of white blood shall admit a Negro to real participation in democracy? What occupations must Negroes pursue in the democracy? Some would compel them all to be servants, others would admit them as small business men, but not as professional men; others still would let them practice medicine if they practiced only among their own people.

All these questions may seem amusingly trivial to the outsider who cannot understand that they are, after all, profoundly and fundamentally educative.

Think what a tremendous experimental laboratory in applied democracy is this South of ours! A whole people trying to draw an illusive line be-

tween some men who belong and some who do not! In each legislature, in each campaign, the line wavers, is broken down at some point, is newly drawn. Some awful event like a riot comes along and the best white and colored men, who have never come together or knew one another, are irresistibly forced into common effort. A white man says: "I did not know there were any such intelligent Negroes in the country." Another asks: "After all, are we not brothers?" or some prominent Negro arises, an educator, who will not be classified, who breaks through many lines. "What shall be done with such a man?" these campaigners and legislators ask themselves. "He serves the South. He is useful to all of us. How can we legislate such a man out of the democracy? But can we let him in and keep out the dark-skinned man who follows close behind?"

So these southern men are concerning themselves with real questions; they are being driven by the tremendous logic of events. They will see sooner or later the utter absurdity and impossibility of limiting a democracy. It must either be a democracy or else a caste system or graded aristocracy, which, if it is forced, will petrify our civilization as it has petrified that of India. Once

an attempt is made to draw lines and it is discovered that the whole attention of the people is centered, as it is today in the South, on drawing and re-drawing the lines—to let a few more in or to keep a few more out, so we shall discover in time and by painful experience that if the Negro does not fit into our present sort of democracy, it is not the Negro who is wrong, but the democracy. The final test of any democracy is its humblest citizen.

Science has taught us that every atom is necessary to every other atom in the universe. It is also teaching us that every human being is necessary to every other human being; that there can be no real democracy which leaves anyone out. Emerson says: "To science there is no poison; to botany no weed; to chemistry no dirt." To this we may add: "To democracy no Negro."

Let me not be misunderstood. Some people think that democracy means that men must necessarily eat together, or marry one another, or indulge in some other curious ritualistic proof of equality. A dinner table is made the test of the philosophy of government and civilization! Could anything be more trivial! Let me emphasize again that democracy is not a code of social laws; democracy is a spirit. No word has been

more misunderstood in this connection than the word equality. The equality of men, the superiority or inferiority of men — what do they mean? I never yet have seen any two men who were equal in any outward particular whatsoever. I have met white men and white women and black men and yellow men; and lawyers and plumbers, and artists and preachers and street cleaners, but I have never yet been assured of any superiority or inferiority. I don't know how that is to be settled. Surely not at a dinner table or by different seats in the same car!

There is just one sort of equality that we can finally recognize, and that is the spiritual equality of efficiency. Does a man do his unselfish best at his job? If he does he is the equal of any man on earth; he belongs here; he is a necessary person, for that is the sort of equality of men which is meant by democracy. I have seen in the South the black man serving the white man, but I have seen in the South a reluctance on the part of the white man to return that service. I have heard the familiar argument, that God in His wisdom made a special people who are white in color to live easily, fare softly, sleep quietly, while another people who are dark colored do all the hard work and suffer in ignorance. But democracy on

its way downward is curiously unobservant of special privileges, however bolstered by appeals to divine law; it does not believe that one man or a group of men has a monopoly of God's gifts or his smiles; for democracy looks humbly for efficiency and when it finds the man who is a good servant it makes him the ruler and hero. No, the place of the Negro in the democracy is the place he can fill most efficiently.

Thus the spirit of democracy is the spirit of common effort and sympathy between different sorts of people. In its essence it is intensely religious, and it is the only thing that will finally solve the Negro question in the South. I have heard absurd talk of exportation, segregation, extermination — quack remedies every one, the mere temporizing with which delays the cure.

What I say here is not visionary. I do not believe that men can be made over by sudden revolutions. The human soul does not change quickly. It must meet sorry experience and go through the travail of thought. I wish I had some exciting or sensational remedy to propose. I might stir people to enthusiasm; but I have no such exciting message. I have only to offer certain platitudinous suggestions: That we cannot look for laws to accomplish what the spirit back

of them does not warrant. The spirit of true democracy is faint in this country. What we need is a revival of the spirit of democracy, both South and North. How can this be attained? Again only by old-fashioned remedies: I mean by education and the passionate preaching of the religion of service.

By education I do not mean that sort of training which means soft hands and an ability to spend money; but the training which means hard hands and the production of some good thing. And not for Negroes only would I recommend that sort of education, but for white boys and girls as well. The trouble with the education of a great many people today is that it trains men away from the common life, not into it. There are scores of institutions of learning in this country where the work does not mean as much in the development of democracy as that at Hampton, Tuskegee and other schools of that type.

One of the finest tendencies in the North to-day is the effort to introduce agriculture and the mechanical arts in the common schools. Let us have farming and Greek and stock-raising and philosophy taught side by side in all the schools! All are necessary in a democratic state and no one of them should be held in contempt.

It is noticeable once a man (white or black) learns to do his job well, how he finds himself in a democratic relationship with other men. The wisest leaders in the South, both white and colored, are turning aside from the old noisy ways of the agitator and are getting down to the work of education, doing real things in a real world.

Today multitudes in all the nations of the world are praying for a more liberal democracy; they gaze into the future with eager and expectant eyes; they see the growth of liberty coming swiftly like the rising sun. Those nations that have enjoyed democracy in some form or other, as well as those that have been held within the iron clutches of militarism, are rejoicing in hopes for the future, and each one dedicates itself to the common welfare of humanity, and renews its professions of faith in the divine power of the Almighty to rule over the destinies of men.

Upon the adjournment of the Peace Conference we shall know what each nation has gained or lost as a world power; we shall know what lost territory shall be restored to robbed republics; we shall know the penalty that Germany, Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria and Turkey must pay for wielding the tyrant's sword; we shall know

what each nation promises to contribute toward the future peace of the world.

From Poland, Armenia and Palestine, and from all the oppressed peoples of the eastern world, in their own tongues, will come pleas for long-delayed justice—individual freedom, religious liberty, education and faithfulness to treaties.

Then comes the Negro, with untarnished honor as a soldier and unswerving loyalty as a citizen, who has suffered every wrong, every robbery, pleading his right to share in the world-wide dispensation of justice. The Negro will point back behind the cloud of centuries of oppression and say, "I will maintain the high ideals of modern civilization." He will not have to turn back and explain any violation of treaties for he did not violate any treaties. He can, therefore, expect to have the confidence of the free peoples of the earth. He will not have to explain any history of protracted religious persecutions, because he has not been guilty of them. Then no race should be freer than the Negro in an age when all the world is free.

Throughout all these generations of sorrow the Negro has been fighting for freedom and democracy. Fighting with prayers, fighting with

books, fighting with political organizations, he battled up to the breaking out of this great war and all through the war he fought for the principles and ideals of world democracy. A race that has kept the faith like this will keep it forever, and should be enriched with all the new freedom of the Golden Age of Democracy.

God grant that America will erect on her old freedom a nobler edifice of human liberty, determined to realize all that the future holds for a fearless people.

“Justice should have no kindred, friends,
nor foes, nor hate, nor love;
As free from passion as the Gods above.”

A discussion of the rights of a people in a democracy is hardly intelligent without some reference to their obligations as citizens. As we protest against the wrongs we suffer, as we demand the rights which we are denied, let us ever be conscious of the fact that the duties and responsibilities that devolve upon us by virtue of our citizenship are equal to those of the most favored people in the land.

The best service any man can render to his country is to support its constitution and obey its laws. The highest standards of industry, intelligence and morality can only be attained by

each one consecrating himself to the cause of humanity and unselfishly devoting himself to some movement with a higher and nobler purpose than mere personal advantage.

The world today is face to face with social difficulties, with pressing problems, haunted by the evils and miseries of dangerous conditions, and the Negro, like other races, must not fail to seek enlightenment as to his own duty in the many difficult situations. What have we to offer as our share of the common good? Surely there is no better contribution a man can make toward the redemption of society than to purify and consecrate himself. The giving of all one possesses, without giving himself, will not do much for the welfare of society—"the gift without the giver is bare."

Turning away from the useless things in life and from the paths of evil and giving all we have for the common good of society, will tend to purify our ambitions and motives and purge our souls of that selfishness which not only retards our own progress, but deprives society of the things it can justly claim. We must scrutinize and examine ourselves and our motives, and determine whether we are bearing our share of the burden.

We cannot avoid becoming involved in the unrest of the world by running away from difficulties. We, who seek to make the world a better place for us to live in, must also seek to make the world better because we live in it.

“When the last dawns are fallen on gray,
And all life’s toils and ease complete,
They know who work, not they who play,
If rest is sweet.”

No exception can be made in the case of any man; if we would enjoy a better day, we must make the best use of the present. We must do all that may be in our power to strengthen every fiber that goes to make up the entire fabric of society. The man who thinks only of himself and lives only for himself, is already self-condemned. If we have no need to work for a living, there is still an obligation resting on us to offer our services to the public good in other ways. We have recently seen very striking examples in our own country of men giving their energies to unrecompensed work in social, philanthropic, and religious activity. They were inspired by a sense of duty to God and their fellow-man.

I do not intend to intimate that the average Negro is lacking in appreciation of his duty to

his fellow-man. Indeed, a race that has endured the hardships of the American Negro, cannot help but have a sympathetic feeling toward his fellow-man. The Negro has been charitable even to his oppressors, realizing that

“To err is human and to forgive divine.”

But the great truth that I am trying to bring home to the people of my race is that all our lives come into touch with other lives at some point or other. All of us can render some service to our fellows. We must consider that our conduct is ever affecting some. We must take our life seriously as a high opportunity, and let the thought of service sink into our hearts, redeeming our lives from selfishness, and making them the service of God and of our brethren.

CHAPTER X

Some Remedies For the Race Problem

What is the most obvious remedy for this great problem commonly known as the "Negro Problem"? It is to remove the cause. Many times the idea of deportation of the Negroes has been suggested; it was suggested by Thomas Jefferson more than a century ago. An instant objection is that it is resisted by nearly every one of the twelve million Negroes, South and North. They no more wish to cross the ocean eastward than their ancestors did to come westward. The Negroes are attached to their homes and would no more be willing to take up their abode in other lands than would the American white man. An equally strong objection is that the white people absolutely will not permit the Negro to leave the country. As far back as 1889 attempts were made to draw Negroes to Kansas, but the boats that were carrying them were stopped by armed men and the Negroes were driven back with the shotgun.

Nevertheless, where the Negro is there he stays. In some respects there seems to be a mutuality between whites and blacks that cannot be destroyed. The real confidence of the whites in the Negro race is shown by their almost universal practice of committing their little children to Negro nurses.

To deport the Negro would mean the social disruption as well as the economic ruin of the greater part of the South, and the advocacy of that method which one hears occasionally from southern men is simply a piece of acting. Everybody knows that there is no substitute for the Negro in the South, since the South has never been able to attract immigrants. Most immigrants work with their hands and avoid regions where there is a poor opportunity for their children, and where handwork classes them with a servile race. The only foreign element that has in recent years sought the South is the Italian, thousands of whom are to be found in the Mississippi bottoms.

A remedy not publicly advocated, yet practiced in some remote parts of the South, is peonage. It is not necessary to go to the length of some state laws which assume to legalize contracts by which the laborer agrees to work or

else to accept a whipping and a bull pen; servitude is realized if they are deliberately kept in such a condition of debt and dependence that they cannot acquire land or move about freely. The testimony of people who have visited rural plantations is that in many places great advantage is taken of the ignorance of the Negro; that he is cheated in his efforts to buy land, that in some places he is a serf, tied to the land. Inasmuch as probably a majority of the white people in the South take the position that the Negro was better off in slavery than in freedom, there is in some regions insufficient healthy public sentiment to protect the rural laborer.

Another method widely applied in the South is that advocated by the late Senator Tillman in this language: "We shall have to send a few more Negroes to hell." This brute method is a deliberate attempt to keep the race down by occasionally shooting Negroes because they are bad, or loose-tongued, or influential, or acquiring property; and by insisting that the murder of a white man, and sometimes even a saucy speech by a Negro to a white man, is to be followed by swift, relentless and often tormenting death.

But in every case of passionate conflict between two races the higher one loses most, be-

cause it has most to lose; aside from other considerations, lynch law as a remedy for lawlessness of the Negroes has the disadvantage of demoralizing the white race, and eventually of exposing white men to the uncontrollable passions of other white men. The usual, though not the real, justification for lynching is that nothing else can protect or avenge white women. Rapes and lynchings aggravate, but do not cause race hostility.

Another remedy is education. It would be very unjust to leave the impression that all the white people of the South approve of solving the Negro problem by aggravating it. Since the Civil War the South has made some small provision for Negro education, though it somewhat exaggerates its benefactions by dwelling on the fact that the Negroes pay two percent of the taxes and furnish nearly one-half of the school children. In New York and Chicago there is no protest because the people who furnish nineteen-twentieths of the school children pay only one twentieth of the taxes.

The South, however, begins to realize that reducing the present illiteracy in the South among both Negroes and whites is not all the battle. The ability to read, write and cipher will

not make model citizens out of the morally degraded, whether they be white or black, and this is true in the North as well as in the South. There is a constantly growing interest in the South in industrial education for both races. This is partly due to the success of Hampton and Tuskegee and other like institutions, which have proven the expansion of mind resulting from the more intelligent forms of handiwork combined with a judicious use of books. In these schools a great part of the good is done by the character of the teachers, and nobody can see the fine body of young, alert minds trained by the best universities of the country which make up the faculty, say of Tuskegee, without hopefulness that they will train as well as instruct. Yet from the southern point of view their success will raise the same ultimate difficulty as other forms of education for the Negroes. The whites of the South in general do not wish to see leaders and organizers arise among the Negroes; they distrust the Negro preachers, and have a contempt for Negro professors, lawyers and physicians. If industrial education produces good blacksmiths, carpenters and domestic servants the South will be pleased, though, perhaps, the trades unions will have something to say; but the South does not wish to see political

and social leaders springing up among the Negroes, lest they attempt such organization as would give them too much power.

A panacea recommended by some people most genuinely interested in the Negro race is the so-called "race separation." The phrase does not mean the color line, for that is now so strict that a short while ago a white visitor to a rich Negro planter was told by his host that if they both sat down at the family table the house would probably be burned over the head of the owner. No Negro by character or behaviour can acquire membership in a white club or the right to sit in the presence of a white man, or even a resting place for his dead in the same enclosure with his white neighbor. That, however, is a closed chapter; so-called social equality does not exist, cannot be made to exist, and did not exist when there was a squad of Union troops in every town in the South.

"Race separation," then, means that whites and blacks shall keep up two distinct social and business organizations. That Negroes shall deposit in African banks, establish their separate corporation stores, patronize Negro theaters. So far this plausible regime has made little headway. The idea is in practice unworkable. The plan

instantly runs aground when the white dealer is called on to deprive himself of all Negro custom. What would become of the retailers of Charleston if the Negro laborers were to withdraw the purchases which their weekly wages enable them to make? And in rural regions, where the Negroes most predominate, almost all large plantations and country stores are carried on by white people.

Race separation, is impossible in the sense of building an invisible wire netting between the two races, for they tread the same streets, read the same papers, drink the same water, ride in the same trolley cars and trains, and each is indispensable to the other.

If the foregoing remedies do not seem thoroughgoing, what else has been seriously put forward by the South? Practically nothing; yet in the deepest grooves of the Southern mind is the conviction that the Negro question is to be solved only by Southerners, and that even a suggestion of interest on the part of Northern people is an impertinence. The same feeling permeated the pro-slavery literature of ante-bellum days.

Does anyone soberly think it possible for any one section of the United States to settle its difficulties alone? Under the Federal system we

are "every one members one of another"—the people of South Carolina through their share in making the Federal Constitution have modified the constitution of Massachusetts; the Congressional representatives of Massachusetts in their turn have to settle questions which deeply affect South Carolina. The United States of America has a character to maintain. If the public authorities of Colorado arrest and deport people in defiance of right and justice, have not the people of the South a right to protest? Does not injustice toward the Negro in the South injure the good name of the whole country and thus concern the North? The attempt of the South to muzzle critics of their "Peculiar Institution" melted down once for all in the furnace of the Civil War.

Any remedy for the ills that beset the South must recognize that the condition of the Negroes is discouraging; the dark picture must, however, include also about half the poor whites, who, though superior to the Negroes in intellect, overmatch them in bloodthirstiness. These are the conditions from which the community must extricate itself, or admit that it cannot civilize its own people.

It is perfectly true, and the people of the North

must candidly acknowledge and appreciate it, that many Southerners are making genuine and self-sacrificing effort to upraise their colored neighbors, by personal interest in their education, by protection of their rights, by example of moderation and respect for law, by appreciation (so far as the color line permits) of their best men. These are the white people who ought to solve the problem, if anybody, yet they are the very people who see the only solution in a very slow elevation of the colored race, during which many things may come in to accentuate the race problem.

On one side the remedy is the slow development of the Negro race, the practice of those homely virtues of industry, steadiness, thrift and habits of saving which have made the Northern communities what they are. The Southern people are right in demanding that the Negroes themselves shall discourage and discountenance the criminals of their race, and make it their business to help to bring to legal, orderly punishment the criminals who arouse the most fearful resentment of the whites.

The Negroes must be taught to respect and honor the best members of their own race, and to bring up their children to follow such models.

That is the way, and the only way, in which a race can rise.

But how can the Negroes be expected to respect and admire what the whites despise? Can the poor white call the thriftlessness of the Negro hopeless? Is the Negro to set the examples of law-abiding to the white man? Are the Southern whites to abjure the duty of the highest in the community to make the standard of coolness, patience and observance of law? A South Carolina storekeeper who stepped into a Negro school and made a speech of encouragement found himself in danger of being mobbed and made an abject recantation. But, why not everywhere, if the Negro schools are without sufficient competent teachers, put educated white teachers in them, such as are employed in Charleston? Why do not the white people with good will open the door of opportunity to a few places in the public service to Negroes whom they recognize as qualified?

The reason is simple; the Southern whites have an unfounded and unformulated fear that somehow white supremacy is endangered.

The true remedy for the South is to do with the Negro exactly what his brethren are doing up North with the Pole, the Slovak and the Hun-

garian. Why does he not make the best of a bad job and not the worst? Why not set before the Negro every possible inducement to rise, by facilitating the purchase of land, by opening new industries, by granting to the best Negroes such scanty rewards as the white man's color line permits? The Southern white community may well ponder the meaning of one of the late Booker T. Washington's noblest utterances: "I will never allow any man to drag me down by making me hate him!"

None of the remedies which I have suggested are harsh or unjust; I do not advocate the overthrow of anything, nor any fundamental changes; I contend only for the fulfillment of the guarantees in the Constitution, for the impartial interpretation and application of the law, and for common justice and equal opportunities for the Negro. Besides other considerations, this of course must include more liberal provision for the education of Negro boys and girls than has been made heretofore, both by Federal and State governments. The question of Federal and State aid to Negro education in the South is one that lingers after the book is closed. Taking into consideration sixteen Southern states, the District of Columbia and Missouri, with a population in

1916 of 23,682,352 white and 8,906,879 Negroes and of children between six and fourteen years of age numbering 4,889,762 whites and 2,023,-108 Negroes, it appears that the average salary of a teacher in white schools was \$10.32 per pupil and in colored schools \$2.89, and that the percentage of illiteracy in whites was 7.7 per cent and among colored 33.3 per cent.

One of the after-war problems is going to be education, and it will be found of inestimable value that such institutions as Hampton and Tuskegee have prepared the way for a getting together of whites and blacks to work out their common destiny. The history of Negro education in the South would contain many sad pages, were it not for such schools.

The success of thousands of students of the industrial schools for Negroes in the South is a tribute to the wonderful foresight, zeal and genius of General Samuel Chapman Armstrong, who established Hampton Institute fifty years ago.

At the close of the Civil war, the economic prostration, the political confusion, the race antagonism, and the sectional bitterness threw the question of the education of the Negro into a state of uncertainty. Individual attempts were made

by philanthropists to aid the Negro by means of schools, and political efforts found expression in the Freedmen's Bureau and similar agencies. But philanthropy was sadly inadequate for such a stupendous task; national endeavors were vitiated by partisan politics; and the North and South became more estranged during the period of reconstruction than by the Civil War. But during those days of intense feeling agencies were at work in modest and humble ways to bring about better conditions. Among these agencies was Hampton Institute.

It was not a simple matter by any means, this problem of educating the Negro. On the one hand was the impatient North that thought that all that was necessary was to set up New England school houses, and the work would be done; while on the other hand the prostrate South felt that the Negro was not fitted for education. Between the two lay the unfortunate cause of the estrangement.

The need was for practical-minded men and women, who not only could educate the Negro, but who could do it in a way to make the whites appreciate that education. General Armstrong was peculiarly qualified for that work. The son of an American missionary living in the Hawaiian

Islands and educated with the natives, he already had a fine appreciation of the race question when as a young man he returned to this country to finish his education. The example of his father's work among the Hawaiians enabled him to grasp the Negro problem better than our native born, for he had seen the handicap under which a backward, or perhaps one should say neglected, race labors, and at the same time he understood the feeling of the more advanced races. To this he added deep religious convictions that enabled him to appeal to the emotional nature of the Negro. So that, taking everything into consideration, it may be doubted if any man was better qualified for his work.

Character was of primal essence in all of General Armstrong's thought. Education as he conceived it, was not for the purpose of making scholars or teaching professions, but for making men and women. At that time responsibility with the Negro was an idea that had to be instilled into a mind associated with ownership by another, now charged with ownership of itself. As General Armstrong put it, "Ideas take root in a moment, habits only in a generation."

But who was willing at that time to wait a generation to see ideas grow into habits? The

North thought the teaching of the Negro would immediately transform him into a being equal in every way to the white race; while the South believed the Negro was physically incapable of ever acquiring the attributes of the civilized races. History has proved, however, that both were wrong.

Some of the attempts made by zealous and self-denying missionary teachers utterly antagonized local opinion, and did little more than create a condition of impotent unrest among the Negroes; but a few grasped the broader view and possessed the patience to work and wait. Of these, General Armstrong may be placed among the first. His was the practical mind. He realized that however much learning an individual Negro, isolated from race and former environment, might acquire, it would not convince the Southern whites that the mass of black people could or should be so educated. But he believed that if young men and women could be given a course of social, religious, industrial and intellectual training that would enable them to go back among their people and live that life, there would be a positive and permanent gain.

This has been the mission of these industrial and normal schools throughout the South. They

have trained and distributed among their people Negroes who, by their example, convinced the better class of whites not only that the Negro can be educated, but that there is nothing else that can be done with him.

And so education must in the future, as it has in the past, play an important part in the progress of the Negro race; education not only of the blacks, but of the whites as well; educate them away from the silly prejudices and jealousies that are alone responsible for race discrimination, jim-crowism, disfranchisement and lynching. Professions of faith in the Fatherhood of God, are meaningless unless we accept the doctrine of the brotherhood of man.

We have suffered infinite agony in silence and sighed vainly through the ages for deliverance from our fetters, while our manhood has been taunted, and we have been branded with the vulgar stigma of inferiority. But the dawn of another day is breaking upon the world and the Negro is at last awakening from the nightmare of the ages. The light of the new day beams from his eyes and the spirit of progress thrills his eager soul.

The Negro demands the whole of freedom for the whole of his race. Not charity, not sympathy,

but justice. More than this we do not ask, less is contrary to the spirit of the free political institutions of America. The ballot is but a paltry concession to our ambition and determination, and it is the shame and reproach of the South that it has robbed the Negro of his birthright and gloried in his humiliation and in its brutal conquest.

Speed the day when the American Negro shall be free! Then, too, shall the American white man be free, and they together emancipated from the degrading ignorance and superstition of the past.

THE END

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